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## THE LORD'S CHAMBER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORKE," "GRAPES AND THORNS," ETC.

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### CHAPTER XXIX.—A PENITENT.

THE next morning Clara went to St. Peter's to hear Mass before her aunt was up. She had fallen into this habit of church-going because she found it pleasing, and because she was studying the Mass; but she made no promises, and held herself quite free. This morning her visit was one of thanksgiving.

"It does seem that, for a great and signal favour, one should go to the church to thank God," she owned, as she went out into the dewy splendour of the spring morning.

It was at that moment of clear, undazzling light, when the sun is near the horizon, but has not yet touched it, and the colonnades were softly illuminated, and had scarcely a shadow. The lavish fountains were tossing, now this way, now that, in the light breeze, impatient for their rainbows; the lantern and the cross of St. Peter's stretched up to catch the first ray.

Inside the church was quite dim. It required the direct fiery rays of the sun to brighten that mild early twilight that had hardly yet done with the stars. There was no one to be seen, except, far away, a tiny figure in white and gold, followed by another still tinier in black and white. A priest was going to one of the farthest altars to say Mass.

Clara was in a tremor of joyous excitement. The hour of bitterness had been short, and she thought now only of the happiness in store for her aunt, and of her cousin's escape from a premature death. He was only a cousin to her now, and never would be more; but she was ready to treat him kindly in that

relation. She had already discovered that her fancy for him in any other had been a delusion which she could sweep away now with a laugh. It was her fancy of his love, not her own, which had held her.

"The idea of my ever being his wife! It is too absurd."

Reaching home again, she stole softly up-stairs, and changed her black dress for a pale blue one that had been brought home the day before. It was the first time that she had worn any colour but grey or violet since her father's death.

"I wonder if Aunt Marian will have any thought of clouds breaking away, leaving a clear sky, when she sees my dress, or if she will notice it at all!" she thought, as she went down stairs.

Mrs. Percy sat in a large and pleasant room that had two windows looking out into the villa gardens. The sun was shining in fully. Our two New-England ladies had not yet acquired the Italian habit of shutting out the sun. In the square of tempered light between these two squares of gold was placed an arm-chair, footstool, and a small table with coffee. Beside the tray was a pile of papers and letters for Clara, and her own favourite chair stood opposite that of her aunt.

Pausing one instant on the threshold of the room before entering, Clara knew that her blue dress would receive no attention. "She has got it already!" she thought, seeing the paper in her aunt's hands.

Mrs. Percy was gazing at something in the paper, but without any longer reading. She glanced round, and replied to the greeting of her niece, but without seeming more than half-conscious of her presence. After a moment she folded the journal, and still holding it closely in her hand, drank her coffee without saying a word. It was hard to find from her face what her emotions might be. She seemed simply absorbed.

Clara began to open her letters, and while reading them over, gave a message now and then to her aunt, or read some passage which she thought might be of interest to her, affecting not to notice anything unusual in her manner.

Mrs. Percy unfolded the paper again presently, and again fixed her eyes on the item which had arrested her attention, and which had been written for that purpose. It read as follows:—

"One of the intended passengers on the steamer 'Orleans,' which was wrecked last autumn while on her way from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia, a young Englishman, whose family have for months mourned for him as lost, has unexpectedly appeared. He had bought his ticket, and was about to go on board when a sudden indisposition prevented him, and he entered the house of some good Samaritan, only to become at once insensible. A long sickness followed, and on his recovery he learned the fate of the steamer, and that his name had been included in the list of lost

passengers. His luggage being all on board, and there being nothing on his person to betray his identity, no search or investigation could be made. We have not been able to learn his name, nor the reason why he has suffered so long a time to elapse before declaring himself."

Clara finished her letters, a little alarmed at her aunt's fixed seriousness, and that she did not mention this item to her. She had looked to see some signs of joyful and excited hope; the notice had been inserted purposely as a preparation, that the shock of joy should not be too great for her; but she looked as though her excitement was rather of fear and suspense.

"Shall I annoy you if I practise a little, Aunt?" she asked. "I am in a playing mood this morning."

Mrs. Percy glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece.

"It is now ten," she said. "Captain Pelletier will not be here before eleven. I can do nothing before that. I would be glad to hear you play."

"She is going to ask him to find out what it means," Clara thought, going to the piano. "I am waiting to hear you praise my dress, Aunt Marian," she said, taking her seat.

"It is very pretty and very becoming," her aunt replied quietly.

"I put it on this morning, because I had a feeling that it was time some of the clouds should be blown away," Clara pursued, touching lightly and swiftly with her right hand the air of Beethoven's Hymn to Joy. "I woke glad this morning."

"And I," her aunt replied; "I woke sorrowful."

"That is sometimes a good sign," was the quick reply. "I don't quite like to be very glad when I don't know what it is about. It is the night all white and scintillating with stars that brings the rainy morning, and it is the rosy morning that brings the stormy day."

Mrs. Percy sat looking steadily out of the window without appearing to see anything in the garden before her, though a Judas-tree had blossomed there, and stood before her eyes as red as if it had been carved in ruby, all its leafless branches thick with clinging bloom, and though a crowd of exquisite roses had opened with the sunrise, and an unknown shrub had covered itself with golden flowers as with a mantle.

She had, in fact, said and borne all that she could, and her sensitive frame had become too weak to bear any new shock. Her calmness was that of desperation. It seemed to her that if she were again disappointed—if this seeming miracle had been performed for some other mother—she should die. She had imagined so many ways of escape, she was constantly expecting to hear a story equally marvellous; but she could not expect two such marvels. If this lost and found one were not hers, then hers was lost indeed.

Little by little the playing caught her attention, as Clara meant it should. Knowing her aunt's sensitiveness to music, she was trying to rouse some courage in her, so to excite her to a mood of enthusiastic hope, or, at least, to relieve that terrible strain where the nerves hold both body and mind as in a vice.

The charm seemed to work, for after a little while Mrs. Percy rose from her chair and began to walk slowly up and down the room. Clara's fingers let slip the sonata she was playing, and, note by note, climbed to a simpler and loftier strain. It was a trio, written in sustained high tones which, in their very monotony, touched the chord of the sublime. Her voice was a contralto, and in singing she took the second part.

*"O Salutaris Hostia."*

Mrs. Percy, still walking, joined with her, singing the air, and her voice, at first trembling, became clear and piercingly sweet as she went on. She was one of those intense, finely-strung persons who can almost sing themselves up with the air. If their bodies do not rise their souls do, and their bodies are forgotten.

Captain Pelletier came, and stood in the door unseen, listening to them, his eyes fixed in admiring astonishment on the lady, who sang with such bright eyes and red cheeks and such a ringing voice, while the paper clasped in her hand showed that she must have received the message intended for her.

She went to meet him the moment he entered, extending the paper to him. Clara still played, affecting not to see him.

"I have seen it," the Captain said at once. "And I have been to see the editor. The news comes from France, and I have taken every necessary step. To-morrow, at latest, we shall know the truth. Have yet a little more patience. That the man is called English is nothing. All English-speaking people are supposed on the Continent to be English. Have we not looked forward to something of this kind? How natural, then, to believe that at length our expectations are realized! To-morrow you shall know the truth."

She was silent. There was nothing that she could say.

"I need not stay now," he resumed. "I shall come again this evening; but you must not expect me to bring you news then. Now I leave you, unless you have some command for me."

She shook her head.

"Miss Danese will pardon me for not interrupting her with my salutations," he said, and went.

That afternoon they had visitors, gay young people, who knew grief only by name, and could not have comprehended, had it been told them, with what a mingling of torment for herself and compassionate foreboding for them, since no life can always escape sorrow, Mrs. Percy listened to their light talk and laughter, and tried to seem interested in subjects which were to her as dust



and ashes. Her quiet smile, her gentle words, her low tones—they were acts of heroism such as are silently performed about us every day.

When the sun went down they were left in peace.

"I wish that I could pass the night before the Blessed Sacrament," Mrs. Percy said, when they were left alone. "It seems so impossible to approach nearly to our Lord when we most need Him. Nothing strengthens like the Real Presence. Nothing else is so vivid, so miraculous. But one cannot fully be aware of it in broad daylight, with people talking and walking about, and all the empty proprieties to observe."

"You could make the Lord's Chamber your chapel, though the Blessed Sacrament is not there," Clara said. "It seems to me nearer there than to any other room in the house."

Mrs. Percy considered the subject a moment, then went downstairs. The door of the chamber stood open, and though the high western wall shut off the direct sunlight, a reflection made all the place luminous with a yellow light. One might imagine this light, of which the source was invisible, to be the radiance of an unseen heavenly presence. It made the poor room beautiful, with a beauty almost spiritual. Such a poor room, too! Only the bed, a chair, the tiny table set against the curtain inside the wicket, and the two pictures: that fair, boyish face of Francis Percy, and the tender, brooding face of the Good Shepherd.

Mrs. Percy sank into the chair by the bedside, and tried to think; but her mind wandered blindly and aimlessly, and returned upon itself like the dove let loose when all the world was submerged, returning to the ark with weary wings, and not an olive leaf to show.

She rose wearily and went out into the villa garden, looked about at that paradise which only mocked her with its beauty, gathered a flower or two, and turned homeward again.

Approaching the house, she heard the voices of their two expected visitors inside, and before entering, turned aside for one moment to the Lord's Chamber. The yellow light had faded out of it, and all was growing shady, even gloomy.

Tossing a branch of flowers on to the bed, she thought: "I wonder what their fate will be! most likely, to be shaken off disregardfully on to the floor. It is not at all probable that a person striving to avoid hunger, and cold, and nakedness, and homelessness, would care to look at a flower."

Clara and Mr. Fronset stood at a western window looking down the lane when Mrs. Percy entered the room. They closed the window immediately, and came to meet her at the centre-table, where Captain Pelletier sat thoughtfully drumming his fingers and staring at the blue velvet cover. He rose at once, making his usual profound salutation; and when she gave him a swift questioning glance, affected not to see it, but began to

speak of indifferent matters. He had already told her that she must wait.

Clara stood beside her aunt's chair, and tenderly touched her hair. "It is quite wet with dew," she said. "And your hands are cold. I am going to get a shawl for you."

"There is no need," Mrs. Percy said; but Clara left the room without seeming to have heard.

There was an air of constraint over the three who remained. They made no pretence of feeling at ease, or of not being aware of any cause of disturbance.

In the silence that followed they heard the sound of a door shutting. It was the door of the Lord's Chamber.

"I wonder who is come to-night!" Mrs. Percy said listlessly.

"Would you like me to see?" Captain Pelletier asked, rising promptly, seeming glad of a diversion.

"Oh! don't take the trouble," she replied. "I might go myself. I sometimes do; and I have not been down for several nights. I will go."

But she made no motion to stir, and seemed to forget her intention. Sitting with her eyes fixed on the luminous globe of the lamp which had just been lighted, she remained buried in a reverie.

"I will go down with you," Captain Pelletier said.

She rose reluctantly, and they went down-stairs together. Mr. Fronset followed at a little distance, and Clara, appearing from another room, joined him, and going half-way down-stairs, stood beside him on the first landing. The little wicket was at the foot of the stairs.

"It is too dark," Mrs. Percy said as she opened it. "Why is not the lamp lighted?"

She half drew aside the curtain, that her voice might more distinctly be heard. The occupant of the room could have seen that a lady and gentleman stood at the wicket, and could see the other couple half-way up the stairs, but they without could see nothing.

"Who is here?" Mrs. Percy asked, in a voice soft and vibrating as if a harp had been struck. "You need not tell your name if you do not wish to. You need not say anything you do not wish to say."

There was an inarticulate murmur from within.

"Do you wish to tell me who you are?" she asked again.

"A penitent!" came in a trembling whisper.

The answer roused her languid interest.

The little tray with a bowl of *minestra* and a roll was brought, and Mrs. Percy set it inside the wicket.

"Can you see well to take it?" she asked. "There will be more light in a minute."

Her hand was still inside the wicket, and she felt it touched

by trembling finger-tips. "Will you let me kiss your hand?" her guest whispered—the whisper so stifled that she only guessed the meaning.

The tray had been removed to the table underneath.

Ordinarily she would have shrunk from granting such a request, but this sweet and tremulous prayer moved her strangely. Slowly, yet without hesitation, she put her hand farther in past the curtain. Two hands as soft as her own took it gently, yet with a clinging clasp; she felt a kiss and tears fall on it, a kiss lingering and loving, and tears that dropped fast like rain; then a cheek was turned to it in a caress more loving than a kiss; lastly, a forehead was bowed to it, and a fall of soft hair touched her wrist. Sobs broke on her ear, and the hands clung to hers.

"Oh! my heart! who is this?" she cried out.

Her face changed like a dim lamp that is suddenly made to blaze out brilliantly. She put her other hand through the wicket, and laid it on the bowed head; then, snatching both hands away, rushed out into the night.

Captain Pelletier followed her just in time to see her open the door of the Lord's Chamber, pause one breathless instant on the threshold, then, with a cry, stretch out her arms and run into the room. He hesitated. Delicacy gave him the impulse to withdraw; but fear lest the surprise should be too much for Mrs. Percy impelled him to go forward. He looked in the door and saw the mother bending over her son, who had knelt at her feet and buried his face in her dress.

"Lift your face, and show me that I do not dream!" she said.

He lifted his face, wet with tears, yet full of joy and love. The lamp in the hall had been lighted at length, and shone brightly into the room, showing each the other's face clearly, and it seemed as though neither could gaze at the other enough.

Captain Pelletier softly closed the door, and began to walk up and down before it like a sentinel.

Upstairs, Clara and Mr. Fronset had returned to the *salon*.

"I was so afraid that she would faint," Clara said, drawing a breath of relief. "But I think that persons of vivid imagination are not so likely to do that. Nothing comes upon them with quite so much of a shock."

Mr. Fronset watched her gravely and intently. She seemed to think chiefly of her aunt. Was it really so, or only one of those involuntary deceits which the most sincere sometimes practise? "I was more afraid that Francis would faint," he said. "He is as sensitive as a woman; and this return to his mother, whom he should not have left, was full of pain and mortification, as well as of love and joy."

Clara looked down and was silent. Perhaps there was some little severity in her air.

"Are you not impatient to see him?" the gentleman pursued.

"No," she replied quietly; "I am, of course, rejoiced at his escape, for his own sake, for Aunt Marian's, and for mine, too. But I am content now about him, and prefer to wait till to-morrow; the more so," she added with a slight smile, "that he has himself told Captain Pelletier that he wished to see only his mother to-night."

They sat at the centre-table a little apart, and both leaning on its velvet cover. The soft, clear light of the modérateur lamp shone in both their faces. They listened to Captain Pelletier's steps below, and waited for some report from him.

"How pretty your dress is!" Mr. Fronset said presently. "You used to wear blue very much."

Clara smiled brightly with pleasure. She did not recollect to have ever heard him speak of her dress before. "It was the colour that my father liked best," she said, and smoothed the little blue velvet cuff, from under which showed a ruffle of fine lace.

Another silence, then Mr. Fronset spoke again, making a remark which he had apparently hesitated about making, but finally ventured.

"I thought at Foamy Point that you had a particular affection for Francis, and that it was that affection which made you refuse me."

He spoke quite calmly; one who did not know him might say indifferently. Clara's cheeks took on a soft glow, and she did not raise her eyes. "I had a sort of fancy for him," she said gently; "but that was not the real reason why I refused you."

He did not dare, though he longed to ask: Was it really because she thought that she would never be willing to marry him? He could not bear to hear her say that now; yet the gentle face, calm except for that deepening colour, did not promise a harsh answer. Maybe there was enough of reserve in it to warn him to be silent.

Captain Pelletier's sentinel step had ceased its beat for a few minutes, and was now heard coming alone up the stair.

"What was the real reason, Clara?" Mr. Fronset asked hastily, leaning nearer to her across the table.

"Here comes the Captain with news for us," she said, quite as though she had not heard his question. "I am so impatient to know."

Captain Pelletier entered the room. His face was red with the excitement he had suppressed all the evening, and his blue eyes sparkling. "Mrs. Percy will not consent that her son should go away to-night," he said. "Francis will stay, but only in the Lord's Chamber. His mother refuses to leave him a moment. I have only succeeded in persuading them to allow some supper to be sent down. Neither wishes for it, but each may persuade the other to eat."

The good Captain laughed and cried at once, and was in the greatest excitement.

"How is my aunt?" Clara asked eagerly.

"Calmer than I expected, and happy beyond imagination. But she will not allow him out of her sight an instant. They have been talking. They will spend the night in talking, unless the boy fall asleep by-and-by with his head in his mother's lap. She sits in the chair there, and he kneels at her feet and leans in her lap. Even when talking to me, she did not remove her eyes from his face."

Captain Pelletier wiped his eyes and laughed.

"So we may as well go home, if you are ready to go, sir," he said to Mr. Fronset. "And Miss Danese can send the girl down with some supper."

"Good-night, then," Clara said, rising before Mr. Fronset did. "I will see to the supper. How well everything has gone! All's well that ends well."

They went toward the door together, Mr. Fronset looking rather dark for so joyful an occasion.

Clara gave her hand to the Captain first. "We shall never know enough how to thank you!" she said warmly. "We shall never forget you."

She must have calculated distances very well, for the Captain in passing out of the room after her leave-taking had to stand where he did not see her, and Mr. Fronset's back was turned to him.

"Good-night!" she said, giving her hand to him with a little less of frankness than to the other, and looking down as she spoke. Then, as he was turning away, chilled by what seemed her coldness, she laid her finger lightly on his arm. "Oh!" she said, as if recollecting, looking at him with a smile and a blush in her face, "the reason was, because I did not know my own mind. Good-night!"

And he was forced to go.

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### CHAPTER XXX.—MOTHER AND CHILD.

MRS. PERCY sat at the bedside, and her son, kneeling before her, leaned in her lap. In this position he had told her all his story. She would not have allowed him to remain one moment thus on his knees had it not been an old and cherished habit of theirs to talk together in this way. He was not there as a penitent but as her child.

Their supper came, and as Captain Pelletier had surmised, each persuaded the other to eat something. Already Francis had called the Captain in to receive her thanks—thanks so impassioned that the recipient of them had been quite overcome.

Then they began to talk of the future, or of that near past which had no sting but that of separation. His confession once fully made, Mrs. Percy put the subject away promptly and forever.

"You have sinned, and suffered, and repented, my son," she said. "What more can be said or done about it? It will be a lesson for you; but we need never refer to it again. You did wrong in remaining away from me so long. But I also did wrong in being so harsh with you at first. Let us forgive each other and begin again. You are still my own boy."

She did not say it, but the thought was in her heart that she would rather have suffered all that she had suffered from the separation caused by his shame and remorse, than have had him regard more lightly the transgression of which he had been guilty.

With the recital of his plans and prospects for the future, Mrs. Percy learned that she had almost an equal debt of gratitude to pay to Mr. Fronset to that due Captain Pelletier for the past. "How good everyone has been to you, Francis!" she said. "What friends you have had! Oh! my child, remember all your life to be grateful to them. It is so easy, but, also, so base to forget past favours. A person must do you a very great wrong to cancel the debt for a great good already done."

"I do not think that I shall be ungrateful," he replied seriously. "I do not now receive favours as my due. In former days, when I thought of my future, I was myself not only the central figure in it—I suppose that is natural—but I was the only figure of any importance. I wanted you to have everything that could make you happy, but that was scarcely forgetting myself. Now I am only one part, like a single instrument in an orchestra, and I wish to sustain the harmony, or do my part toward it. It makes me melancholy to think solely of myself. I want the approval of those whose approval is worth having, and I want everyone who has helped me to be glad for having done so. I find that a selfish happiness soon loses its charm."

She smoothed his hair with a tender hand, and watched his face while he spoke. He held her other hand in both his, caressing and kissing it from time to time, half unconsciously, in a way she well remembered—in the way that had but just now betrayed his identity to her.

She looked at him very thoughtfully, for she had never heard him speak in this manner before. The tone was different from any she had ever heard him use. And now that the first flush of excitement had died out of his face, she saw that it was worn, and that the lines had become firmer and more clear. He was a boy no longer, however she might call him so. The lightness of unthinking youth would never come back into his face again, nor into his heart, with whatever passion he might call it, even though, like Orpheus, he should move the wild beasts and the

very stones. That fair and fleeting Eurydice, almost again his own in some shadowy dream, would ever slip back again into the inexorable past at the first clear ray of life and day.

They talked till far into the night, talk bitter-sweet, of mutual pains and consolations. Then Francis begged his mother, since she would not leave him and go to her own bed, to try at least to rest a little there.

"I can neither lie down nor sleep," she said. "I should wake screaming for you, and fancying that I had dreamed. I am not yet quite sure that I do not dream. Perhaps the daylight will convince me. But I want you to rest awhile here, and I will watch by you. It will not be the first time that I have watched over your slumbers, my child."

He refused at first; but after awhile she prevailed upon him. He was, in fact, much fatigued with his journey from Paris, which had been performed without stopping, as he had scarcely slept a moment on the way, or after his arrival at Rome.

"I shall not sleep, dear mother," he said. But when his eyes were closed, sleep followed softly in the footsteps of weariness. His mother's lulling fingers, growing more and more light, as with mesmeric touch she wove her spell over his eyes and through his silken hair, was the sleep-compeller now, as in the days of his childhood. His hand relaxed its hold on hers; his breath grew slower and deeper. He slept, and she watched over him. It consoled her for all. It enabled her to cast away her shivering sorrow and learn her joy by heart, more fully than even while he waked and spoke.

"He is not in the cold, salt sea!" she thought; "I hear and feel his warm breathing." She bent her cheek and let his breath fan it softly, smiling at thought of the time when the little fluttering infant breath from that same mouth had played on her cheek or breast at night.

Amid her prayers, she set her happiness first in one light, then in another, and found it not only always dearer, but always higher and more solemn. Gaiety and rapturous delight were impossible to it, yet the remembrance of the uncertainties of life tempered without disturbing it. The day must come when death would surely separate them for a time; but she felt that never again should she struggle against that separation as she had in the past. The Lord had given him back to her once. She could only be silent when He chose to take her child in earnest.

Her emotions grew quiet as she thought; and when the first faint dawn stole into the room, it showed the mother also sleeping, with her head dropped to the pillow beside her son's, and her hand resting on his.

There was a certain invisible path from the east into this chamber, straight and narrow, through retiring angles of archi-



ture and wide fields of air, on which the sun shot a single arrow as he rose. More than one such arrow he had shot into this room in the last three months, more cruel than those that made Niobe childless, waking to a life of hopeless and agonizing degradation some poor soul which had for a few hours forgotten all in sleep. But this morning the awakening was joyful. When the golden ray dropped on their eyelids, both mother and son awoke.

"My child!" cried the mother, before opening her eyes, keeping them closed, indeed, to hold the longer that flying dream.

"Mother!" he answered lovingly. "Darling mother!"

It was not a dream!

"Francis," she said presently, "you must see Clara this morning."

He dropped his eyes. "I suppose I must; but it is not easy."

"Good sense and good manners make all things easy," she replied; "and I think that both you and she possess those. There is no explanation to make to her. It is best to meet her as if you had taken an ordinary journey. She will be glad to see you." She hesitated a moment, fearing that what she was about to say might give him pain; then added: "I may mistake; but I fancy that the presence of Mr. Fronset in Rome gives her too much to think of to allow her to occupy her mind to an inconvenient extent in your regard."

"She is engaged to him?" Francis asked. He certainly felt a momentary pain, but not one which would disturb his happiness seriously.

"I only surmise that she may be, or will soon be," Mrs. Percy replied. "She has told me nothing. Would it please you, dear?"

"Yes," he answered slowly. "They are worthy of each other. It certainly would not displease me, mother. For me," he added, understanding the cause of her solicitude, "I have no wish to marry for a long time, even if I were able to do so. It will take me a long time to render myself worthy of such a woman as I would wish to have for a wife. Besides, I should not know what to do with so much love, mother dear. You are enough for me."

Clara took her coffee in her own room that morning, not to be in the way, leaving orders that she should be informed the moment her aunt appeared. As she waited, there was a tap at her door, and her aunt entered.

"Oh! my dear Aunt!" cried the niece, throwing everything aside and running to her.

And then followed tears and congratulations, and such brief explanations as they could then allow themselves to utter.

"But am I never to see my cousin?" asked Clara, anticipating her aunt's proposal. "It really seems to me that I have been patient."

"He is waiting now in the *salon*," Mrs. Percy replied, kissing her gratefully. "Come, dear!"

The embarrassment which the young man suffered from made him appear almost cold; but his cousin's cordiality soon relieved his fears.

"Oh! Cousin Francis, welcome back from the grave!" she exclaimed, and before she was herself half aware of it, she had kissed him on the cheek, and then, drawing back, burst into tears. The sight of him, with that changed face, which the morning light made so plainly visible, and that shrinking manner, which told what dread and humiliation were hidden in his heart, roused all her affection and generosity. "And welcome to Rome," she added, trying to laugh off her tears. "I don't believe that you have once recollected where you are. Have you even glanced at the 'world's dome?'"

"Yes," he answered, smiling. "I looked at it to find my mother by. It was my mariner's compass. I knew that she was close by it. Otherwise I have not seen it."

"Only she is not a north star," Clara said. "She is some bright star of the south. Well, I am glad that you have not had eyes for it nor for anything else, for I want to hear your first raptures. All winter I have been trying to get hold of someone who has not 'done' Rome and become *blase*, and I have not succeeded. All the talk one hears about the wonders here is like champagne that has stood all night in the glass. You are now in a position to be tyrannized over, and I intend to hear all your delighted exclamations."

And so the diversion was effected with a skill that looked like unconscious nature. For the short time of his stay, Francis could take up his abode in the house with his mother, and could see all of Rome possible to see in a week or two with intelligent and loving company, yet allow himself to think that the favour was mutual.

"Only our party must be five in number," Mrs. Percy said. "For I must see the Captain and Mr. Fronset as often as possible, and even a little oftener."

"How like you that sounds!" said Clara, who always smiled at her aunt when she gave that poetical "touch beyond."

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#### CHAPTER XXXI.—FINIS.

THREE years have passed away, and June has settled, all green and flowers, over New England, and nowhere in more lavish beauty than over the town of Canning.

Towns in some parts of the United States are in one respect like children; one may live to see them grow from infancy to maturity. If you have an acre of land in some "clearing" where

two or three houses look at each other through rifts in the forest, it would be wise to consider well the position of your house before building it, or before the yellow shingles on the roof have become brown you may find your devoted mansion besieged by a dozen new roads insisting on going across its site, or a city park may propose to devour your whole domain.

The growth of Canning had been fashionable rather than industrial, and for a mile or two all about the town, cottages and villas belonging to people who spent their winters in the large cities were either being built or planned. Two new hotels had been built in the town, yet they were scarcely able to contain the summer visitors who sought them. It had also been found that certain mineral springs near the town had medicinal properties, and a hospital was about being erected there. Canning could therefore scarcely be called a country village. It was more like one of those Italian cities where the thickly-populated centre is set in a wide and verdant circle of castles and villas.

This change had been an advantage to more than one of our characters.

First of all, to Father O'Mara and his flock. For River-street had become very desirable for business purposes, and River-street was nearly all theirs. Its houses were all small, and nearly all poor, and the priest, carefully preserving the slowly accumulating hoard of money intended to support his school and build a larger church when the present one could no longer suffice, had invested it in property in this locality. He was gradually selling it now, and had already bought land on the next street above, where some of his people also lived. The Catholics were, indeed, creeping up hill.

"By the time we reach the third street," he used to say, "we shall want a new church."

On the cliff across the river there was apparently no change, when it was viewed carelessly, or from a distance. But if you should look at the outline from the opposite hill, when the sun was going down brightly, you might see a bit of an open arch among its gables, and in that arch a bell hung, small and black, against the radiant sky. This little bell could be heard all over the town in the still hours. Looking steadily at the windows, you might see a white object appear there sometimes, as if a large white bird had flown across the room inside, the bonnet of a Sister of Charity. Moreover, if you should remember the flowery, open gardens of years past, and should wish to enter, or, at least, to look through the fences at them, you would find that the walls had grown higher, and that useful homely vegetables had usurped the places of the luxurious blossoms. Lilies and roses are pleasant to look at, but food is more necessary. Every day, through the new gate that alone gave admittance to this domain, came a troop of children to the Sisters' school, and

Father O'Mara every day stood in his window or door to see them set out, and sometimes stood till they appeared on the hill above and entered the gate. The children went in two processions, one of boys and the other of girls, each line with its two guardians. The priest had no mind to send his little ones straggling like lost lambs through the streets, and the townspeople very kindly made way for them, and found no fault. They liked Father O'Mara better the longer they knew him, and they believed that he was doing his best.

Foamy Point had withstood these changes with something the spirit of the sea that washed its shores. It was still very nearly what nature had made it, and it held still its screen of pines between itself and the world. If a greater number of carriages and foot-passengers passed in the road beyond, they made but a faint echo in this retreat, and the only effect had been a stone wall with a gate, the wall running straight along the roadside for the width of the point, then turning sharply backward and descending to the tide at either side. To enter that place when the gate was shut, one would have to go by water.

The only other changes were in the house, which had grown as naturally as a tree grows, putting out new branches, but not changing its kind. Several new rooms had been added to the original structure, one a long room built of stone, with a terrace on the top. This last was in memory of their Roman abode.

On a certain day of this same June the cottage at Foamy Point was in something of a flutter. Mr. and Mrs. Fronset had arrived only a few days before, and half their trunks still stood unpacked. One cannot think first of setting boxes and drawers in order when one has just reached the fresh splendour of June in the country after more than six months in the city. There were walks on the green, and long talks on the rocks, where they sat to look at sky and sea at all hours and in all moods. Clara was constantly calling her husband to see some light, or curl of wave, or break of foam, or to admire a flower, or listen to the washing of the waves.

Besides, she had another occupation to which she was devoted, and which she would by no means have neglected to arrange all the trunks and drawers in the world. This precious charge was a bit of animated nature—feminine nature—about two feet high, with golden hair, a white frock and a blue sash. It is true that Aunt Marian, for whom the child was named, spent nearly all her time in petting it; but that did not in the least prevent its adoring mother from spending a great deal of time over it.

It must not be supposed that Clara was a careless house-keeper, however. Never was there a better-ordered house or a more cheerful and home-like one than hers. Only the spare beds had not been made, nor the extra napkins and silver got out; and company was coming.

A letter had reached Francis the evening before, forwarded from Boston to Canning, announcing the arrival in a steamer due that very morning of his friend, Captain Pelletier. The young man, who had now a great deal of business, was obliged to go to Boston that day.

"Bring him back with you to-night. Don't fail to bring him back," his cousin had said, and her husband and aunt had eagerly seconded the invitation. There was, therefore, as much preparation to be made for this guest as if he had been a prince.

The afternoon waned. Mr. Fronset went to the town to meet his visitor; little Marian was made as irresistible as newly-curled ringlets, and a pair of new blue shoes could make her, it being expected that she was to captivate the Frenchman instantly; flowers were put on the dinner-table, a last look given to the dinner, and then there was nothing to do but to wait.

Clara, dressed in blue and white, like her baby, and quite as lovely in her way, walked up and down the green, holding her child by the hand, steadying its tottering steps, chatting to it, explaining all about Captain Pelletier to the year-and-a-half old mind, and glancing every moment at the path to the pines. For no carriage even now was allowed to enter. They had their carriage-house outside by the road.

Mrs. Percy sat apart in a garden-chair under a tree, and she, too, kept watch on the path, but with a graver face. This expected arrival could not but recall memories too serious for a light pleasure in meeting such a friend. This lady was now well known as an authoress. A book written by her after she left Rome had had a fair success, and though she lived with her niece, she was quite independent. Clara was immensely proud of her, and would not have parted with her on any account.

At an exclamation from Clara, Mrs. Percy rose with reddening cheeks. Three gentlemen entered the enclosure in single file, the path not allowing of any other mode. The second of these, and the shortest of the three, instantly took off his hat at sight of the ladies. Clara, with instinctive delicacy, drew back, and let her aunt precede her in welcoming him. Her position as hostess was second in her eyes to that of her aunt, as his most grateful friend.

Captain Pelletier was radiant. He kissed the hands of both the ladies; he tried to express his feelings, and became inarticulate; he laughed and wiped his eyes at the same time. His emotion was such, in fact, as to win the young mother's pardon for not having seen her child. She had to call his attention to that important member of the company, who stood staring at him in astonishment at his singular behaviour.

Francis, smiling quietly, kept a little in the rear, and observed all. It was very pleasant to him to see his friend so cordially received. He gave him up for a time to the ladies, while he talked aside to Clara's husband.

It could be seen that he and Mr. Fronset were on terms of cordial friendship. Indeed, Francis Percy had more than fulfilled his promises—he had fulfilled the hopes of his friends.

Later, after dinner, they all went out again, and the gentlemen smoked their cigars, with the ladies' forgiveness. Before they went in for the night, Captain Pelletier walked aside with Mrs. Percy nearer the sea, and asked about her son, and congratulated her anew on his success.

"I have twice visited Rome since you left," he said, "and both times I went to see the Lord's Chamber. A French family was in the house, and having heard the story of your charity, they continued it."

"Oh! how glad I am!" Mrs. Percy exclaimed. "I seem to do no good here. When I am in the city I can do a little. Here I only enjoy. My only consolation for my inactivity is in striving by my writing to influence others who have the opportunity to do the good that I cannot do. How I would like to look at that precious room again! Looking back upon it now, it seems to me sacred, like a tabernacle in which the Blessed Sacrament has been kept."

Captain Pelletier looked up at the sky through which the stars were beginning to show. "It is all sacred," he said. "This is the Tabernacle of the Lord, and that is the ceiling of it," pointing upward.

The few sounds that reached them from the city died away, not a voice was heard except from an open window of the house, where Clara was making her child repeat its prayers in such stammering baby English as only the Lord and the mother could quite understand. Then, the prayers ended, she sang a German lullaby; and one could know when the child dropped asleep by the gradual diminuendo and ceasing of the song.

Then there was only the sea.

"My God! how peaceful it is!" exclaimed Captain Pelletier.

THE END.

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## LITERARY PESSIMISTS.

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THOUGH the rapid progress of civilization during the present century has excited enthusiasm in many minds, some of our most original thinkers have expressed a strong belief that modern society is a hollow, artificial system, devoid of all true simplicity and refinement. Edmund Burke was one of the first to give utterance to this feeling, when he deplored the decay of chivalrous sentiment, and expressed his regret at the increasing

influence of "sophisters, economists, and calculators." The mind of Burke, full of reverence for the past and for those political institutions which have been the slow growth of centuries, could not sympathize with the iconoclastic spirit which would destroy everything that appears hostile to human freedom. The statesmen who apply a pecuniary test to every question, he describes as "a profane herd of vulgar and mechanical politicians, a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material, and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine." Indeed, the *rationale* of Burke's philosophy appears to be that sentiment must necessarily have some place in politics as well as in every other department of human affairs. He maintains that the moral power of the imagination in strengthening character and beautifying human life should never be overlooked. The idea that every principle should be tested by naked reason, without any regard for settled institutions, appeared to him a dangerous and revolutionary doctrine. National greatness could not be achieved by petty diplomatists, nor could a mighty empire be maintained without a deep and all-pervading sentiment of loyalty. "Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together."\* Such was the spirit of Burke.

This tendency to look back to the past with affection and regret, and to regard the present with disdain, shows itself in a more intense form in the writings of Thomas Carlyle and John Ruskin—two of the most original and gifted writers of our time. It is now almost half-a-century since "Sartor Resartus" first startled the British public by its fantastic style and eccentric opinions. The book is ostensibly a series of extracts from the work of a half-crazy German Professor named Teufelsdröckh, on the "Philosophy of Clothes," with running comments by the editor; but in reality it is a bitter satire on modern society, which is described as a mass of artificial shams and hypocrisies. There is something painful in the rigid analysis of our most cherished conventional notions which we find in this extraordinary book. The main idea of the work seems to be that all forms, ideas and institutions are but the garments in which man has, from time to time, clothed himself, and that the modern world stands in need of an entirely new set of these garments. In his "Lectures on Heroes" Mr. Carlyle lays down the principle that the mass of humanity must always look up to heroic types of the race in order to be saved from utter degeneracy. It must be observed that the "heroes" whom he holds up to admiration are not the most loveable or perfect characters in history. Mahomet and Cromwell are exalted in the same spirit in which

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\* *Vide* Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America.



Hercules was apotheosized by the Greeks. In fact, we find *force* confounded with *greatness*; and the power of influencing men either for good or evil seems to be regarded as the highest of human virtues. It would be, no doubt, unfair to say that Mr. Carlyle intended to propound in this work a false ethical system; but his deliberate selection of some of the world's greatest tyrants as his "heroes," leads one to infer that the peaceful virtues of Christian life are regarded by him with contempt or indifference rather than with admiration.

The two works in which Mr. Carlyle expresses his most violent antagonism to modern ideas are "Past and Present" and "Latter-day Pamphlets." In the first, many of those institutions which we are accustomed to regard as marks of civilization, come in for the severest abuse. Our love of sensation, the hollowness of our social intercourse, and the universal prevalence of cant in every department of modern life, are unfavourably contrasted with the religious earnestness, the sweet simplicity and the moral purity of mediæval times. The picture of the old monk, Jocelyn, is, in its way, a fine example of Carlyle's power of word-painting, which he has used with such wonderful effect in his great work on "The French Revolution." In the "Latter-day Pamphlets," Mr. Carlyle's pessimism seems to have reached its climax. He sees nothing in the spirit of the age that does not exhibit traces either of imposture or imbecility. Our orators are spoken of contemptuously as "windbags," and our artists sneered at as mere "dilettantists." Jeremy Bentham, with his "greatest-happiness principle" is held up to ridicule. The half-starved Irish peasantry are spoken of with a kind of sympathy; but Mr. Carlyle cannot forbear from drawing a comparison between "poor potatoless Paddy" and the negro slaves of America. This certainly does not seem to be a practical mode of discussing social or political grievances, but Mr. Carlyle's aversion to half-measures and to meddling diplomacy prevents him from rightly estimating the efforts of modern political reformers.

The influence of German philosophy on Mr. Carlyle's mind has, perhaps, largely helped to increase his pessimism. Some of the most original thinkers of Germany have shown an aversion to modern civilization. Jean Paul Richter, Mr. Carlyle's favourite author, has, in many passages in his writings, severely censured the hollow artificialism and the absence of sincerity in our modern life; and Schopenhauer, both in his metaphysical and political works, has endeavoured to show that our so-called progress is a mere illusion, a showy unreality—

"The gilded halo hovering round decay."

According to the last-named writer, the only way in which a man can now achieve anything great is by utterly alienating

himself from the spirit of the age. Perhaps this mental attitude has some advantages in an age which is given to self-glorification: it enables us to see the hollowness of mere titles, and helps us to get at the reality of things. It passes by the shadow and tries to find the substance. It is not caught by high-sounding names or empty distinctions. It sees little to admire even in knowledge, when it is not linked with reverence and simplicity. A characteristic passage from "*Sartor Resartus*" may be quoted in illustration of this:—

"The man who cannot wonder (and worship), were he President of innumerable Royal Societies and carried the whole '*Mechanique Celestiale*' and '*Hegel's Philosophy*' and the epitome of all laboratories and observations, with their results, in his single head, is but a pair of spectacles, behind which there is no eye. Let those who have eyes look through him, and then he may be useful."

Another of our great literary pessimists is John Ruskin, who has embodied in beautiful language his conception of the functions of art, and its value to mankind. He writes with all the warmth of an enthusiast, yet with an earnestness which shows how strong and deeply-rooted are his convictions. His antagonism to the age he lives in is not less marked than that of Carlyle, though he expresses his views in a less fantastic style. He maintains that art has a moral influence on human life, and that the present age fails to realize this in consequence of its perversity and blindness. He speaks of the time we live in as "an age whose intellect is chiefly formed by pillage, and occupied in desecration: one day mimicking, the next destroying, the works of all the noble persons who made its intellectual or art-life possible to it; an age without honest confidence enough in itself to carve a cherry-stone with an original fancy, but with insolence enough to abolish the solar system, if it were allowed to meddle with it." He tells us that our modern life is devoid of integrity and simplicity, and that it is impossible to say whether any work is done now-a-days through pure and disinterested motives. "Everything," he says, "is broken up and mingled in confusion, both in our habits and thoughts, besides being in great part imitative; so that you not only cannot tell what a man is, but sometimes you cannot tell whether he *is* at all!—whether you have indeed to do with a spirit or with an echo."\* He considers that literary men have been corrupted and degraded by this artificial state of society, which has misdirected the best qualities of the imagination both in literature and art. To this source, also, he traces the weakness or imperfection of even the best work of recent poets, novelists and painters.

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\* *Lectures on Art.*

"The love of beauty," according to Mr. Ruskin's philosophy, "is an essential part of all healthy human nature. . . . The men in whom it has been most strong have always been compassionate and lovers of justice, and the earliest discerners and declarers of things conducive to the happiness of mankind." He shows that the Greeks owed their high standard of civilization mainly to this feeling, and that their national greatness was intimately connected with their artistic pre-eminence. Hence, it is essential that the imagination should be cultivated in order that a nation or an individual may be raised above sordid aims and selfish desires. Herein it may be observed that Mr. Ruskin's views are identical with those of Burke. They both insist on the moral power of the imagination, and consider that it is the most potent means of controlling and exalting the passions. "To subdue the passions," says Mr. Ruskin, "which is thought so often to be the sum of duty respecting them, is possible enough to a proud dulness; but to *excite* them rightly and make them strong for good is the work of the unselfish imagination." The true secret of philanthropy, it would seem, is to use our imagination in order to realize how others feel, and thus to keep alive those sympathies which bind man to man. It is because we do not see the sufferings of our fellow-creatures that we regard them with indifference. "Human nature is kind and generous; but it is narrow and blind, and can only with difficulty conceive anything but what it immediately sees and feels." The facts of life show the unquestionable truth of this principle. We have only to look around us to see how the imagination always touches the springs of human sympathy. A child falls into the river before the roughest man's eyes, and he immediately plunges in to save it, even at the risk of his own life. Let the same man merely hear that there are hundreds of children dying of fever in the midst of a great city for want of some sanitary measure which it will cost him some trouble to urge, and he will not make the slightest effort. Mere reasoning will never stimulate human nature to do anything great or noble. We must touch the heart and excite the imagination if we wish to rouse men from apathy and selfishness. "The lives of many deserving women," says Mr. Ruskin, "are passed in a succession of petty anxieties about themselves, and gleaning of minute interests and mean pleasures in their immediate circle, because they are never taught to make any effort to look beyond it, or to know anything about the mighty world, in which their lives are fading like blades of bitter grass in fruitless fields."

With the great political movements of modern times Mr. Ruskin has no sympathy whatever. His ideal is a paternal monarchy, in which the king loves his people with all the affection of a father, and the people cling around the king with filial devotion. For this reason, he has always regarded the Middle

Ages with far more reverence than the modern condition of society. The growth of our political liberty, in which some of us find so much to be proud of, appears to him a sundering of social bonds and an uprooting of sacred associations. He fancies that it is opposed to that love of order which is one of the essential instincts of humanity. According to his theory, the severity of dominion is to be tempered by love, and not arbitrarily controlled by public opinion, or by the popular sense of justice. He finds fault with our modern idea of punishment, and maintains that it tends to destroy the distinction between right and wrong. "I believe," he says, "that it is one of the crowning wickednesses of this age that we have starved and chilled our faculty of indignation, and neither desire nor dare to punish crimes justly. We have taken up the benevolent idea, forsooth, that justice is to be preventive instead of vindictive; and we imagine that we are to punish not in anger but in expediency; not that we may give deserved pain to the person in fault, but that we may frighten other people from committing the same fault. The beautiful theory of this non-vindictive justice is, that having convicted a man of a crime worthy of death, we entirely pardon the criminal, restore him to his place in our affection and esteem, and then hang him, not as a malefactor, but as a scarecrow. That is the theory. And the practice is, that we send a child to prison for stealing a handful of walnuts, for fear that other children should come to steal more of our walnuts; and we do not punish a swindler for ruining a thousand families, because we think swindling is a wholesome excitement to trade. But all true justice is vindictive to vice as it is rewarding to virtue. Only—and herein it is distinguished from personal revenge—it is vindictive of the wrong done, not of the wrong done *to us*. It is the national expression of deliberate anger, giving honour where honour is due, and joy where joy is due, and pain where pain is due. It is neither educational—for men are to be educated by wholesome habit, not by rewards and punishments—nor is it preventive, for it is to be executed without regard to any consequences; but only for righteousness' sake a righteous nation does judgment and justice." The tone of this passage may seem to many of us fanatical and overstrained, and the theory of punishment which it propounds is, no doubt, diametrically opposed to that which Bentham gives us in his celebrated work on "Legislation." Yet, one cannot help thinking that if punishment could always assume the aspect of national indignation, it would be far more real, more impressive, and more efficacious. The modern system of education appears to Mr. Ruskin superficial and abortive. He thinks that we have entirely lost our delight in skill, and regard science and art merely from an empirical standpoint. Knowledge is with us a secondary thing, and success in life the primary object; accordingly, our education

is unreal and unsatisfactory. "Almost the whole system and hope of modern life," he says, "are founded on the notion that you may substitute mechanism for skill, photograph for picture, cast-iron for sculpture. That is your main nineteenth-century faith or infidelity. You think you can get everything by grinding—music, literature and painting. You will find it grievously not so; you can get nothing but dust by mere grinding. Even to have the barley-meal out of it, you must have the barley first; and that comes by growth, not grinding."

In this view of modern education, Mr. Ruskin finds a supporter in Mr. Matthew Arnold, who considers that even our University system of teaching is radically defective, inasmuch as it places an undue value on examinations and mere surface-knowledge. It must be admitted that there is very great force in the argument that knowledge injected into a pupil, as it were, by a process of "cramming" cannot truly be called knowledge at all. The mind requires to be developed naturally, and not to be reduced to the condition of a mere machine. Mr. Ruskin has often been spoken of as a person of eccentric opinions, who is utterly out of harmony with his age—a mere *laudator temporis acti*, who cannot realize the value of modern civilization. But, whether we agree with his views or content ourselves with explaining them as the outcome of his mental idiosyncracies, we must give him the credit of consistency and earnestness. His generous sacrifice of a large fortune for charitable and philanthropic purposes shows that his spirit is far above the petty selfishness that we find so often around us.

It is worthy of notice that the poet Wordsworth exhibits a similar antagonism to the spirit of the nineteenth century. In one of his sonnets he refers bitterly to the artificial tendencies of the age:—

"The world is too much with us : late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !  
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers,  
For this, for everything we are out of tune ;  
It moves us not."

We observe, too, that he does not sympathize with the dreams of modern science, which he considers arrogant and impious, and that, like Mr. Ruskin, he exalts the imaginative faculty as the great sustainer of our spiritual life. In the poetry of Mr. Browning we find an echo of the same feeling.

From these instances of antipathy to modern ideas we may infer that there is something in our civilization essentially distasteful to a certain class of minds. Pessimism is not a very attractive or amiable philosophy; but there may be much to

justify it in the aspect of the present age. The vulgar thirst for success, the unscrupulous self-interest, the aggressive boastfulness that permeate modern society, are not very admirable human qualities; and, if it be true that an "age of chivalry" such as that depicted by Burke ever existed, we have reason to blush for the degeneracy of the time in which we live. Those who see, even amid all the shortcomings of modern civilization, some traces of real progress, moral as well as material, may look forward hopefully to a brighter era, when the blots in our social system may be removed; but those who, in the spirit of our literary pessimists, believe that all real nobleness, virtue and belief have died out of the world, can have little hope that a glorious destiny lies in store for the human race.

D. F. H.

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WINTER.

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It is a damp, decaying winter day;  
Choked with sere grass, the little stream flows on  
With murmur piteous as a late bird's song,  
And touched with misty flashes of the sun,  
Which seems to know that now 'tis vain to stay.  
The withered leaves in humid hollows throng;  
Above the dying woods the air is grey  
And silent, till the last western ray  
Flames desolately the sad earth along,  
And in the gusty void soon sinks away.  
Then the waves, whitening in the dark, drear wind,  
Come fluttering up the surfy shore, and soon  
Beacon-like glares on the blank gloom behind  
The sombre hills, the storm-bewildered moon.

M.

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THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.

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*(Concluded.)*

THE exclusion of the elder branch of the Bourbons having become an accomplished fact—a fact of which the Duc de Fitzjames warned the Chamber: "It will last as long as God will permit it to last; not a minute more. Of two things, one, either this child's exile is to be eternal, or France will replace him on the throne of his fathers"—and Louis Philippe having

been called to be, not King of France—for he had told the commissaries charged with the duty of conducting the royal family to the frontier, that the Duc de Bordeaux was their king, and sent word to Charles X., at Rambouillet, that he only accepted the office of Lieutenant-General that he might preserve the crown for Henry V.—but *frondeur* king of a French faction—dethroned royalty elected to take the road to exile, that *via dolorosa*, escorted by Odilon Barrot, who later declared, “I have seen many men fall from power. I have never seen any bear their misfortune like Charles X., whom I have all my life regretted having judged so ill. One could not fall with more grandeur and more elevated sentiments.” Hurried out of France and menaced by armed bands, acting under orders from the Palais Royal, but consoled by loyal manifestations at various points of their journey to the coast—the old king replying to the protestations of devotedness of some military officers: “Keep those good sentiments for this child, who alone can save you all;” the inhabitants of Montebourg surrounding the carriage of the Duc de Bordeaux, and exclaiming, with tears in their eyes, “*On nous a bien defendu vous témoigner de l'intérêt; mais c'est égal. Vive le Duc de Bordeaux! Revenez bientôt;*” and the women of Cherbourg, breaking the respectful silence that reigned along the route, while the royal party drove through the town, with, “Poor child, so young, so innocent, and so unfortunate!”—they at length embarked on board the American vessels, the *Great Britain* and the *Charles Carroll*, closely followed by the French frigate, *La Seine*, and the cutter, *Le Rodeur*, with secret instructions to sink the first-named if Charles X. attempted to regain the coast of France—instructions that extended even to a plan to get possession of the Duc de Bordeaux, foiled by the address of Madame Gontant, his governess. On August 23rd, 1830, they reached

“That pale, that white-faced shore,  
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,  
And coops from other lands her islanders,”

to receive the hospitality of England, dispensed with a bad grace by the conservative ministry then in office. It was left to a Catholic and Jacobite family, the Welds of Dorsetshire, to retrieve the hospitable character of the nation. Its chief, Cardinal Weld, placed his seat at Lullworth at the service of Charles X., who had assumed the name of Count de Ponthieu, the Dauphiness styling herself Countess de Marne, and the Duchess de Berry, Countess de Rosny. From Lullworth, where the quietude of country life was occasionally enlivened by news from France, they removed in October, 1830, to Edinburgh, where, at the instance of Talleyrand, then French ambassador, they were installed at Holyrood, the Duc de Bordeaux going round by sea so as to have a glimpse of the French coast



*en route.* It was during the sojourn at Holyrood that Henri made his first Communion, and learned for the first time how his father met his death. "Son of St. Louis, may the hand of God lead you!" said Cardinal de Latil, as he deposited the Sacred Host upon the tongue of the royal child, to whom his grandfather subsequently spoke these words of wise counsel: "Thy destinies may be very great, thy duties very difficult; if ever you feel the weight of the tribulations and afflictions inseparable from your condition, the thought of the 2nd of February, my dear child, will give you strength."

Meanwhile the prince's mother, who, like Constance,

"Would not cease  
Till she had kindled France and all the world  
Upon the right and party of her son;"

one of those restless spirits to whom

"One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name,"

had been making history—had been adding another chapter to the strange story of the vicissitudes of royalty. "After the days of 1830," says Nettelement, "the destiny of this princess was widely separated from that of the rest of the elder branch. Three different situations were defined in the exiled royal family. Charles X. was the past, with its memories and regrets; Henri of France, the future, with its hopes; the Duchess de Berri, the present, with its pre-occupations, its solitudes and its immediate action over facts."\* So, while the old king, "broken with the storms of state," was droning out a melancholy and monotonous exile at Holyrood, the duchess had thrown herself into the midst of the tumult of affairs, and, after much plotting and planning, had made a bold stroke for a throne, had organized an armed movement in the south and west, and, confronting dangers that might well have appalled a stouter heart, landed near Marseilles a little before midnight on the 28th of April, 1832, in company with the handful of persons who had joined her in this perilous enterprise; then, when Marseilles hung fire—remembering that she had come into France to save the country from the shame of a foreign invasion, and had promised the faithful Vendéans, four years before, in case of any mishap, that they would find her in their midst—penetrated into Brittany with three devoted friends, under the very eyes of the police, although La Vendée was then full of troops, "proving," observes Nettelement, recalling a similar episode in the life of Charles II., "that in the heart of a princess of the House of Bourbon there is as much courage as in that of a Stuart." Three eventualities were to have motivated a rising in La Vendée: a success at Marseilles, the proclamation

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\* *Op. cit.*, vol. i., p. 123.

of the Republic in Paris, or a war of invasion, when they were to hasten to unfurl the white flag in the west to oppose a foreign coalition. The insurrection in the south had failed, and it remained for the duchess to play her last card in La Vendee, where she ruled as regent ; but divided counsels among the chiefs, and confusion in the ranks, showed her that she had counted too much upon the promises of those for whom she had braved everything to keep hers, and the order to take up arms, dated Saintonge, May 15th, 1832, and countermanded May 22nd, only ended in producing a fiasco. But it was not the courage nor the resolution of the Duchess de Berri that was at fault ; for in a memorable interview with Berryer, deputed by the Paris committee to induce her to quit France and order the Vendean chiefs to resheath their swords, she reminded him that things would have prospered better in the early wars, if Paris had not assumed the direction of the provinces ; if, in 1815, the Duc de Bourbon had only consulted his great heart and the majority of his friends : if, in a word, he had put himself at the head of La Vendee, in place of listening to that deceptive policy that environs princes, many misfortunes had been avoided, disastrous divisions had not prevailed, and France had not seen a second invasion. "Do you know," added this remarkable woman, "what it would cost this France if the allies re-entered it the third time ? Its division, undoubtedly. At this thought all my French—all my mother's blood revolts ; and I give you my word that my son will never reign if he has to purchase the throne of France by the cession of a province, a fortress, a house, a hut such as that in which the Regent of France receives you at this moment." It was after this midnight conference, in which the duchess revealed the depth of her fine intelligence and character, that Berryer exclaimed : "In the head and heart of that princess there is the making of twenty kings." She burned to avenge the House of Bourbon ; she had set her life upon the cast, and was prepared to stand the hazard of the die ; and, feeling that her presence compromised a great number of her faithful followers, and that it would be cowardly to abandon them, acted in the spirit of the motto of the MacMahons : "*J'y suis, et j'y reste.*" The Vendean, too, or those who had screwed their courage to the sticking point, were much in the same frame of mind as the Irish rebels in Lever's *Lord Kilgobbin* :—

"When the moment is come and the hour to need us,  
If we stand man to man like kindred and kin,  
If we know there is one that is ready to lead us,  
What wait we for more than the word to begin ?"

The "word to begin," unfortunately, was misinterpreted. In some places it was "far too early and too well obeyed ;" in others it came too late. Forewarned, and in possession of all the secrets of the plot, the Government was enabled to suppress every

isolated movement as soon as it was made ; and, although the duchess declared to Baron de Charette that if he could assemble fifteen hundred men upon any given point, she would place herself at their head, it was felt that the battle was lost before it was engaged ; and they fought for the old Vendean renown rather than for victory, giving numerous proofs of splendid personal valour.

Quitting Brittany disguised as a peasant girl, having received from Baron de Charette the news of the complete failure of the movement, with the prompt reply : " Robert Bruce only ascended the throne of Scotland after having been beaten seven times ; I shall have as much constancy as he had ;" she made her way to Nantes, and remained concealed in the house of the Demoiselles du Guiny (Rue Haute-du-Château, No. 3), keeping up an active correspondence in cypher with her allies all over Europe, chafing now and then against this enforced inaction, and longing to be back again in the forests of La Vendee, where, for an entire month, she had led a nomadic life, wandering from commune to commune, fording rivers, sleeping on the bare ground and braving a thousand perils. Betrayed by the Jew, Deutz, she surrendered to General Dermoncourt, after being cooped up for sixteen hours in a secret hiding-place, rendered unendurable by its proximity to a fire-grate, declaring that she had nothing to reproach herself with, having fulfilled the duties of a mother to reconquer the heritage of a son. The news of her arrest flashed through France more like the news of a great victory than of a defeat and capture. Men of all ranks and parties laid the tribute of their homage at her feet. Châteaubriand, who had already declared that her sufferings mounted so high that they had become one of the glories of France, earnestly begged as a favour, " the last ambition of his life," to be selected as one of her defenders, in memory of a prince of whom she deigned to call him the historian, and as the price of the blood of his family freely shed for the cause of legitimacy. M. Janvier's liberalism inclined with admiration before her womanly courage and maternal devotion, glorifying what is grander and holier than mere politics : heroism of sentiment and of the will. Indifferentists and adversaries of the elder branch alike did her justice : a *decoré* of July writing to the *Quotidienne*, to congratulate France on the fact that Deutz, consigned by Victor Hugo to an eternity of infamy, was not a Frenchman ; while Talleyrand, with epigrammatic point and pertinency, declared that the Duchess de Berri was all the poetry of the epoch. Lamartine, Soumet, Guiraud, Beauchêne and Saint Valery swelled the chorus of admiration led by Châteaubriand, summoned to appear at the assize court for having publicly proclaimed his allegiance to Henry V., in one of his powerful pamphlets : "*Madame, votre fils est mon roi.*" Whole communes clamoured for her release, while

the duchess herself clamoured to be brought to trial. "To bring the Duchess de Berri to trial," said Thiers, "it would be necessary to have at least from 60,000 to 80,000 men ranged along the route;" and De Broglie told the Chamber that the enemies of the government might be counted by hundreds of thousands. It was only on the 8th of June, 1833, that she recovered her liberty, and Thiers unblushingly declared from the tribune that her arrest, detention and release had been entirely illegal. In quitting France for Palermo, she took leave of all who had suffered or struggled for the cause of legitimacy with these words: "Whatever may be the future that Providence reserves for my son, to love France, to devote his life and all his solicitude to repairing her disasters, to wish that she should be happy, if he was not charged himself with procuring her happiness, such at all times shall be his sentiments and his wishes; such, too, shall always be mine." Thus ended the famous *prise d'armes* of 1832. "If Maria Louisa had resembled her," said General Dermoncourt, "we should not have had the Cossacks in Paris. If Mary Caroline could only have collected five or six thousand men—and forty days sooner it were very possible—her vacillating friends and enemies were decided, and perhaps it would not now be said that her enterprise was a folly."

Coincident with the Duchess de Berry's arrest at Nantes, dates the arrival of Charles X. and the Duc de Bordeaux at Prague, and the beginning of a new phase in the life of the exiled Bourbons. In the imperial palace of the Hradschin, seated upon an eminence overlooking the ancient and picturesque capital of Bohemia, like a king upon his throne, Henri attained his legal majority—fixed by the old laws of the monarchy at thirteen—and in the Castle of Buschtirhad, whose austere simplicity and loveliness contrasted strangely with the sumptuous magnificence of Versailles, received the congratulations of delegates from all parts of France, who, despite impediments thrown in their way by the ministers of Louis Philippe, succeeded in accomplishing a pilgrimage, the political significance of which was unmistakable, proving to demonstration that the failure of the duchess's armed movement had neither cooled royalist ardour nor extinguished devotion to the legitimist cause. Thither flocked Vendean veterans who had twice unfurled the white flag, and Vendean youth with yet uncicatrized wounds, veterans of the Empire, who had followed the tricolour from Marengo to Moscow, and young royalist heroes who had planted the banner of the Bourbons on the mosques of Algiers; contumacious rebels, over whose doomed heads the July Government had suspended the death-sentence; poor pilgrims, who had had to walk nearly the whole way, and rich, pilgrims who had ridden post-haste, baffling the Argus-eyed French police by the very absence of disguise and the rapidity with which they made the journey;

peers and peasants, owners of great names nobly borne, and owners of names unknown to fame or fashion; magistrates and merchants from the great commercial centres, men who had risked their heads and men who had risked their fortunes; penmen and swordsmen, men of thought and men of action—the very fine flower of the chivalrous manhood and cultured intellect of monarchical France. Thither, too, came that *preux* chevalier, Châteaubriand—of whom Henri's granduncle, Louis XVIII., had said, "His book was worth a whole army to me"—to stand by the bedside of the thirty-fifth successor of Hugues Capet, as he lay ill of fever, and recognise in the radiant youth of thirteen summers the hope of the monarchy. Greeted as a second Henri Quatre, destined to uplift France, and inseparable from its true interests, the young prince, whose oval countenance and florid complexion recalled the features of his illustrious ancestor, replied that he was doing his best to render himself worthy and capable of the important duties his birth imposed upon him, and that his only happiness would be to unite his efforts with theirs for the good of their common country. The party in power thought to intimidate those who had joined the deputation, but Janvier ridiculed the idea of transforming a chivalrous pilgrimage into a conspiracy, and, though not a legitimist himself, eloquently pleaded the cause of those who sympathized with "the uncrowned orphan, in whom the misfortunes of his family assumed such a touching character," whose life, "begun under the auspices of assassination, was already consigned to the horrors of exile"—the symbol of a principle for centuries dear to France, the principle that had made it "the grand nation," a principle inviolate since Hugues Capet, and which was gloriously personified in St. Louis. "Descended to a frail child," pursued the advocate, "it has marked him out among men with a mysterious consecration, which one may deny with the lips, but must recognise with the heart. The philosophy of history, that new science with which all superior minds are in travail, ranks among its maxims the providential vocation of certain peoples and certain men. Would not a necessary analogy admit the vocation of certain families charged with representing and accomplishing an idea in the social world? No one possesses the secret of the future, no one knows what it reserves for the young exile of Buschtirhad.

The armed movement having failed, all the hopes of the royalists were centred in the education of Henri, as a preparation for the part he might at any moment be called to play upon the political stage. His education, indeed, in a wider sense of the word, may be said to have begun with, as it has been strengthened and perfected by exile, which, in the salutary teaching of adversity, has put the finishing touches to the finest features of one whom men of all parties admit to be one of the finest figures of our time. "I shall never flatter you," said the loyal and high-

minded Berryer to him upon one occasion. "Listen to the lessons of misfortune: adversity is a good teacher." "When one considers events from this point of view," observes Nette-ment, "one finds unexpected consolation, and begins to regret less that things did not take another turn in 1830, when Charles X., on his departure, offered to leave his grandson in the hands of the men who were going to seize upon the government. In effect, suppose for a moment that Henri of France had remained in 1830, his education were abandoned to the ministers of the new power. Who can say that, placed in their hands, his intelligence had not been falsified, and the happy qualities of his character weakened? They might have poisoned him intellectually, as they poisoned the son of Louis XVI. physically, and the noble flower, deprived of air and sunlight, had languished, and were suffocated in the deadly atmosphere of bad principles. It is then the enemies of the monarchy might have justly triumphed and raised their heads higher than the day they seized upon the majestic Louvre and the magnificent Tuileries; for this time they would not merely have unfurled their flag inside the cold and inanimate walls of a deserted palace, but have planted in the head and heart of the descendant of Louis XIV. their principles and ideas. At the same time, all that has been done since 1830 might have been done without him and in his name during a long minority. His exile, perhaps, only sheltered him from the double peril of a bad education and a fatal responsibility.\* To M. Barrande, who directed all his studies up to the close of 1833, and Mgr. Frayssinous, who, aided by the Abbé Trebuquet, assumed the chief direction for the five succeeding years, was mainly confided the important charge of the prince's education. In the short interval that elapsed between the departure of M. Barrande and the arrival of Mgr. Frayssinous, two Jesuits, Fathers Deplace and Druilhet, were, at the earnest solicitations of the royal family, deputed by the general of their Order to undertake that function; but, as the adversaries of the elder branch might make political capital out of the circumstance, they thought it prudent to withdraw; and the Emperor Ferdinand could say with perfect truth: "There is not a German burgher who cannot have his children educated by the Jesuits; the Emperor of Austria can do so without any inconvenience, but the King of France cannot." The largest share in forming the mind and morals of the prince, therefore, devolved upon the eminent Christian apologist, in whom, as he subsequently declared, he found "a father, a devoted friend and a faithful guide," and whose first act, upon his arrival at Prague, was to refuse any kind of honorarium, since it was a duty he came to fulfil, and not a sinecure that he sought. The Bishop of Hermopolis has left on

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\* *Op. cit.*, vol. ii., pp. 8, 9.



record in his correspondence the grand lines upon which he based his plan of education. "If they think," he wrote, a few days before his departure from Rodez, "that I am going to fill the prince with the idea that he is one day to reign, they are deceived. I wish to make him, before all things, an honest man, a Christian, who can know and bear good or ill fortune. I shall tell him: 'It matters little whether you are king—God alone will decide that; but what does matter is, that if you are not upon the throne, everyone shall see and feel that you are worthy to ascend it.'" Hearing that Henri, after reading the will of Louis XVI., had said, "I have carefully noted those words: 'If my son has the misfortune to be king'"—the bishop observed: "I much prefer those words of St. Louis to his son, 'If God gives you the grace to be king.'" The desire of procuring the happiness of the nation must dominate the dread of the anxieties that accompany royalty. The prince should regard as a grace the rank that places him in a position to sacrifice himself, in order to put an end to the evils of his country." In a letter to the Duchess de Berri he wrote: "Let us hope that this young prince will be what he promises. In his soul and in his heart there is the making of an honest man, a sincere Christian and a great prince," a judgment that sums up whole volumes of panegyrics, and was partly anticipated by Chateaubriand some years before, when he declared: "Among the extraordinary children I have seen, none has astonished me so much as the Duc de Bordeaux." And when, in September, 1830, his education in the conventional sense was finished, the good bishop, in taking leave of his royal pupil, said gravely: "Monseigneur, I do not know if God will one day call you to reign; I only know that I have striven to impart principles that will be useful to you in either fortune." To the first person he met upon his arrival in France—after leaving behind him at Goritz the Abbé Trebuquet, to be for thirty years the tutelary "angel" of the royal household—he said: "I knew well that God would enable me to accomplish my mission to the last. The Duc de Bordeaux will be equal to any circumstances, whatever they may be: he is patient and strong." To the one he replied: "He never gave me serious cause of dissatisfaction;" to others, "He has a mind that will rise to the level of any fortune; a soul equal to any trial."

The education which had borne such early and such ripe fruit, was an education of the heart as well as of the head, and concerned itself with his moral as well as his physical and intellectual growth, developing those features that formed the solid basis of what, *teste* his biographers, seems to have been, even then, a singularly well-balanced character—truth, purity, rectitude, generosity, contempt of everything savouring of fawning or flattery, pride of race and love of country that found expression in an enlightened patriotism that knew, and still knows, how to



subject self-interest, and even the interests of the House of Bourbon to the interests of France. "I am a Frenchman from head to foot," he has often declared. "*Mon pays sera mes amours*" and "*Tout pour la France, par la France et avec la France*" were and are his favourite mottoes. "He loves the French," says Saint-Albin, "and not one of those who saw him in Scotland, at Prague, Goritz or Frohsdorf, could deny him either his respect or his attachment. Exile and calumny have long prevented his being known by the majority of the French"—and the writer might have added, by the majority of other peoples. "It was his bitterest grief: he felt that to be loved by the whole French nation, he only needed to be known to them."

After a sojourn of three years and a-half, the royal exiles quitted palatial Prague for Goritz, a small town of Illyria, half German half Italian, which they reached towards the close of October, 1836. Goritz was for Charles X. the last stage upon that journey, from whose bourne no traveller, be he highly or lowly born, ever returns. On the 11th of November the last of the brothers of Louis XVI. was laid to rest in the family vault of the Counts of Thurn, under the Virgin's altar in the Franciscan church overlooking the town. The guardianship of Henri then devolved upon the Duc d'Angoulême, who had promised his dying brother to be a father to his orphan children, and who, with a noble devotion, effaced himself, dynastically and politically, in favour of the young prince, upon whom he rested all his hopes for the future of the family.

With the death of Charles X. ended those silent, studious years in which the prince's mind and character were gradually formed. With the year 1837 began that long series of tours through all the principal countries of Europe (subsequently supplemented by a visit to the Holy Land), affording to a cultivated mind and a fresh eye much matter for observation and study, deepening and expanding his views of history and human society, and bringing him into frequent and immediate contact with the people, which seems to have been at all times the special aim of those who directed his movements, even from his earliest youth, when he was wont to make his paschal communion in the midst of the peasantry, impressed with the belief that princes are nothing more before God than the least of men, and that when one knows how to humble himself in His presence, he is not humiliated before others. "Sovereigns travel much," he remarked, when traversing the route from Trieste to Fiume; "but it is oftener a triumphal march through a fine country. It is to countries like this they should chiefly direct their steps; for it is the wretched who have most need of being known by kings"—an eminently Christian conception of the functions of sovereignty, which it would have been well for Europe and the Christian constitution of civil society, of which Christian monarchy

is the political corner-stone, if the later Capetian kings had uniformly realized, instead of leaving it to historians like Carlyle to say, that they had "shorn the flock too close, forgetting to feed it;" and to thoughtful minds to recognise, in the revolutionary upheaval that overturned throne and altar, the hand of Him who of old "changed the times and the ages, taketh away kingdoms and establisheth them," who scourged the money-changers out of the temple, and whose inscrutable wisdom alone possesses the grand secret of evolving good out of the huge chaotic mass of evil that weighs upon the world.

The Comte de Chambord's travels, interrupted at intervals, extended over a space of about seven years, and were varied by investigations into history, political economy, administrative, military and naval science, which he studied to their depths; traversing most of the battle-fields illustrated by French valour during the wars of the First Empire; pursuing the study of marine, one of his naval instructors said, with as much ardour as other young men give themselves up to dogs or horses; and collecting materials for his *Considérations religieuses, politiques et littéraires sur le Souverain Pontificat*, a work undertaken at the suggestion of the Bishop of Hermopolis.

The most remarkable episodes in this phase of his career were the journeys to Rome and London, the two outposts of European civilization, the one dominating the religious and intellectual, the other the political and commercial world. No more fitting arenas could have been selected for the Count's *début* on the political stage. Until then he had not been seen upon any of those grand theatres where reputations are made and unmade. The immediate object of the journey to Rome was to fix his position in Austria, and define upon what terms the hospitality of that country was given and accepted. While the Austrian Government refused passports, and the Cabinet of the Tuileries carried its opposition so far, that Guizot declared that the last heir of Louis XIV. could not take a step in Europe without the Government of August blocking the way, in order to deprive him of the last of all liberties—freedom of action in exile—the Count, accompanied by the Duc de Levis, and with a solitary valet-de-chambre, as his entire suite, quietly journeyed down to Rome, which he reached on October 20th, 1839, much to the surprise of baffled diplomatists, to be received with all the honours due to his rank by Gregory XVI., who, to the menaces and remonstrances of the French ambassador, who demanded his expulsion from the Papal States, replied with dignity, that Rome was an asylum for all illustrious exiles, and that the city that had received the persecuted Duke of Orleans would not close its gates to the grandson of Charles X.

Important as was the moral influence of the journey to Rome—striking, as *Nettement* observes, as was the image of the son of

St. Louis kneeling in one of the basilicas of the Eternal City, on the anniversary of the day when Charlemagne was proclaimed Emperor of the West by the Sovereign Pontiff, coming in his turn to pray upon that historic ground where the union of the Chair of Peter and the throne of France was accomplished—it was the subsequent sojourn in London, and the famous pilgrimage to Belgrave-square, that brought him out in full relief as one of the most prominent figures in the political world. "The Comte de Chambord's design," says the author of the *History of the Bourbons of the Eldest Branch*, "was to first visit Ireland, with the unfortunate Catholics of which, in his quality of Most Christian Prince, he deeply sympathized. He had, besides, an earnest desire to meet O'Connell, that popular leader and pacific liberator; who, in less than half-a-century, did more for Ireland by his word than many others for whole centuries could do with the sword. The situation of the country, then stirred to its depths, prevented him from carrying out his first idea, which he regretfully abandoned. A sentiment of propriety alone could have compelled him to consent to this sacrifice: it was fitting that he should not let it be said that he had come to add to the embarrassments of a country that extended its hospitality to him for a few months. O'Connell at once appreciated the prince's sympathies for Ireland, and his regard for England; and at one of those meetings at which his powerful voice distributed praise and blame, he expressed himself in the most friendly terms towards the princely representative of the noble House of France, and, with his national vivacity, went so far as to offer him an Irish brigade to re-conquer the throne of his sires. Thus, Henri of France—and it was no mediocre glory in his position of exiled prince—was going to enter Great Britain supported by Chateaubriand, and announced by O'Connell."\*

Having embarked at Hamburg on October 4th, 1843, and landed at Hull, he immediately directed his course northwards, with a view of revisiting Scotland, where the exiled Bourbons were kindly remembered. Then he moved down to London, where a brilliant reception awaited him. "The English nobility," says *Nettement*, "moved by the presence of the first gentleman in Europe, as one of the most distinguished members of the upper house called him, reproaching Sir Robert Peel for the inhospitable language of his papers, throw open their doors to him, and, to sustain the old renown of British courtesy, vie in fêting the illustrious traveller; while the people, who do not enter into political calculations, salute in him the triple prestige of majesty, youth, and misfortune." Alarmed at the presence and influence of this kingdomless king in Great Britain, the French ministry sought to procure his expulsion, but failing, sent the Duc de Nemours

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\* *Nettement*, vol. ii., p. 193-4.

to London as a counter-coup, pending a visit from Louis Philippe the year following. Meanwhile the English ministerial organs, obedient to the *mot d'ordre* from Downing-street, frothed over with columns upon columns of effervescent sympathy for the *Branche cadette*, the *Standard* going so far as to declare that if the new dynasty were menaced, ten thousand Englishmen would volunteer for its defence, a threat to which O'Connell—then at the zenith of his power and popularity as “the uncrowned monarch of Ireland,” and remembering that it was under the white flag the Irish exiles fought and won at Fontenoy—replied by offering Henri de Bourbon an Irish brigade. The issue had been distinctly raised between the elder and the younger branch. The Orleanist papers had been repeating every day for thirteen years that the fall of the old dynasty was complete and irremediable, and that it would be madness to doubt of the eternity of the new régime. At a word from the Comte de Chambord, two thousand Frenchmen braved the anger of the Government, and crossed the channel; and for six weeks the drawing-rooms in Belgrave-square were crowded with representatives of every rank and class, demonstrating that he was the king of a people and not of a party, all that was honourable in France, as the *Morning Post* declared, having proved to Europe that it had not forgotten the *Branche aînée*; while the Tuileries, in magnifying the importance of a simple voyage, as Henri himself remarked, “proclaimed before the whole world the importance of my future.”

Recalled to France on January 13th, 1844, to stand by the death-bed of the Count de Marnes, and notify to the powers that, as sole head of the House of Bourbon, he protested against the change in the legitimate order of succession to the crown, and would renounce those rights he held from his birth—“rights,” said he, “that are bound up with great duties, which, by God’s grace, I shall know how to fulfil when Providence shall summon me to be useful to France”—he soon after quitted Goritz for Frohsdorf, a modern chateau belonging to the Duc de Blacas, situated in the Styrian Alps, on the frontiers of Hungary. Here began, and here still continues, that life of quietude and seclusion which has sheltered, but not veiled, the Comte de Chambord from the outer world, of which he has always been a vigilant spectator; a life to which private and public events have, from time to time, brought their share of joy or sorrow—such as his marriage, on November 16th, 1846, to the Princess Maria Theresa d’Este, Archduchess of Austria, sister of Francis V., Duke of Modena, and daughter of the only sovereign who declined to enter into diplomatic relations with the July Government; the deaths of the Duchess d’Angoulême (whose last word was a prayer to Heaven to protect Henri and save France), of his sister, become

Duchess of Parma, of the Abbe Trebuquet, called "the angel of Frohsdorf," and of his mother, the Duchess de Berry, who had the heart of a hero in the breast of a woman, and who ended her chequered career in the Château of Brunsee; the expedition to Rome, when France—

"Whose armour conscience buckled on;  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field  
As God's own soldier"—

restored Pius IX. to his states, to be invaded years later by the Garibaldian hordes let loose upon Italy by Louis Napoleon's treacherous policy, while the heir of the most Christian kings, unable to say, with Clovis, "Why was I not there with my Franks?" could only offer the Pope his fortune and his sword, proving thereby his title to the glorious distinction of eldest son of the Church; the revolution of 1848, last scene in the comedy of citizen-royalty, when, as Thiers (whose vulpine sagacity scented the republic from afar) predicted, the power behind the throne had become greater than the throne itself, but only to give place in turn to another power, destined to rule and revel until the Nemesis of history again intervened, like the *deus ex machina* of the classical drama, and the second empire, like the first, ended, as it had begun, in bloodshed; while prostrate France, rent asunder by foreign foes and civil discord, saw her beautiful capital a prey to flames, enkindled by her degenerate children, and the only man who could save her—he who wrote on October 9th, 1870: "During long years of unmerited exile, I have not for a single day allowed my name to be the cause of division and trouble; but now that it can be a gage of conciliation and security, I do not hesitate to tell my country that I am ready to devote myself entirely to her happiness. Yes, France will arise, if, enlightened by the lessons of experience, wearied of so many sterile efforts, it consents to return to the path that Providence has traced out for it. It is by returning to its traditions of faith and honour that the great nation, momentarily weakened, will recover its power and its glory. Penetrated with the needs of my time, all my ambition is to found a really national government, having right for its basis, honesty for its means, and moral grandeur for its end"—was held at bay by the suicidal worshippers of a flag environed, it is true, with the glamour of military glory, but which is none the less the symbol of principles that have not only ruined France, but Europe. Of these great events, fraught with great issues—issues still trembling in the balance—the Comte de Chambord has been neither an inactive nor an unmoved spectator. Often from the depths of his distant Alpine retreat, he has made his voice heard above the din and clamour of political strife in protests and manifestoes that have made the name of Frohsdorf and its occupant, who is still a power in the

political world, familiar to most newspaper readers, and in which, with no uncertain sound, he has made candid and courageous profession of faith in those great principles from which, for over fifty years, he has never swerved. "I am not a pretender," he has more than once emphatically declared. "I am a *principle*." "Security," he proclaimed in his protest against the re-establishment of the empire, "is not established by shaking the principle upon which the throne reposes, and rights are not consolidated by ignoring that which, among us, is the necessary basis of the monarchical order. I, then, maintain my right, which is the surest guarantee of yours, and, taking God to witness, I declare to France and the world that, faithful to the laws of the kingdom and the traditions of my sires, I shall preserve to my last breath the deposit of hereditary monarchy, the guardianship of which Providence has confided to me, and which is the only port of safety where, after so many storms, France, the object of all my love, can find at last rest and happiness." And again, in his letter to M. Chesnelong, after the Salzbourg interview in 1873: "I have preserved intact for forty-three years the sacred deposit of our traditions and our liberties. My person is nothing, my principle is everything. France will see the end of her trials when she will take the trouble to realize it." It is this uncompromising adherence to principle that constitutes the moral grandeur of one

"Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,  
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power,"

and in whom friends and foes recognise something that commands respect. "If I were a Frenchman," said one who saw him at the Ems gathering in 1849, a manifestation of royalist devotion still more popular in its representative character than the pilgrimage to Belgrave-square, and only equalled by that of which Wiesbaden was the scene a year later—"if I were a Frenchman, I would be happy to see the traditional principle of my country thus represented; but still I am glad of it, because I am a European, and it is the European principle." "The Comte de Chambord," says one of the ablest of his political antagonists, "believes in his dogma, as James II. believed in his in the Château of Saint-Germain. No more than him, he would never consent to abdicate in favour of another William of Orange, a right which he considered the truth. But, unlike James II., if the blood is old, the spirit is new.\* It is his strong faith in the vitality of this principle, and the necessity of maintaining it in all its integrity and force, that fused the two branches after the events

\* "I shall never, never, never accept the tricolour flag," was his emphatic reply to the royalist deputies at the famous interview at Salzbourg in 1873, when the restoration of the monarchy would have been pacifically accomplished, were it not for a political intrigue which placed the Comte de Chambord in a false position, involving the sacrifice of his honour if he had not declined to ascend the throne under the protection of a disingenuous *equivogue*, and inaugurate a strong reign by an act of weakness."



of '48 had opened the eyes of legitimists of every *nuance*, and the Orleans dynasty fell like a tree without roots; that repudiated the idea of civil war or foreign intervention as firmly as it has repudiated the substitution of the tricolour for the white flag," rendered doubly sacred by religious as well as race-traditions, and which, like the white willow-wand of the ancient Irish kings, he cherishes the hope of seeing yet recognised and revered in the country of Clovis, Charlemagne, and St. Louis, as

"A type of pure, upright, and gentle command."

Will he live to see that day? Will France again see its old royal race enthroned at Versailles and the Tuileries? There were those who thought so, and there are those who, looking with strained eyes towards the future, half in fear and half in hope, think so still. "He will reign," wrote De Bonald, "or society will descend with France into the tomb." "Is the House of Bourbon," asked Joseph de Maistre, "on the point of repeating the inevitable fall of the Carolingians? Either the House of Bourbon is used up, and condemned by one of those judgments of Providence for which it is impossible to account, or this august family must resume its place. Something will always arise which will prolong these convulsions, and they will not cease to massacre each other until the House of Bourbon is back again. Everything seems to announce the end of this great house: no matter, I persist in believing that it will survive."\* "What will be the destiny of this young prince?" queried Vicomte de la Guernonnière, writing in September, 1851, two months before the Coup d'Etat; "Grand and terrible question, which is not only the problem of a man's life, but also the problem of the life of a people."† No more fitting reply could be vouchsafed to these perplexing questions than the solemn words of Henri de Bourbon himself:—"La parole est à la France, et l'heure est à Dieu!"

R. F. O'CONNOR.

## JACK'S MISADVENTURES.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

*Author of "Iza's Story," "A Salon in the Last Days of the Empire,"  
"Frederick Ozanam," &c.*

"WHY should I not run over and see the great show as well as another? I have worked like a steam-engine all the year, and I have a right to a holiday—eh, Jack?"

I, putting this question, am Richard Littleking, addressing my young brother, John Littleking. "You have," replied Jack; "you work as

\* *Lettres et Opuscules*, t. i. M. de Maistre was writing in 1809. † *Op. cit.* p. 221.



hard as two niggers. I heard Mr. Bracket say so one day when I was waiting for you in the board-room."

"Did he say that? Well, come, that's something. I don't see why I should not start off to Paris this very evening. All work and no play makes Dick a dull boy."

"Was it Dick? I thought it was Jack," said my small brother, with a twinkle in his eye that was very appealing.

"No, now I think of it, it was Harry," I said; "but you can't complain of being dull from over-work, you young scapegrace."

"I'd work twice as well if I had more play; that I can tell you," protested Jack.

"Would you like to come to Paris with me?" I asked, a sudden thought striking me.

"Like it?" cried Jack, flushing up like a peony. Then, ashamed of letting himself be hoaxed, he took a leap over the table, and looked out of the window, and began to whistle.

Jack was fourteen; he was my only brother, and I was very fond of him.

"Jack," I said, "you're not a bad fellow, and if you think it would make you stick a little closer to your books, I have half a mind to take you with me to see the Exhibition."

Jack flew at me like a wild cat, and nearly hugged me to death.

"I will write to Lucas, and tell him to take a double-bedded room for us in some quiet lodging-house not too far from the Exhibition," I said, extricating myself. "You never saw Lucas. He is learning business in an insurance office in Paris. He is just the person to make it all smooth for us."

The letter was written, and the rest of the evening was devoted to studying Bradshaw, and solving the following problem:—Given £30: how are two persons to get to Paris, stay there a fortnight, see everything, and be landed back in Threadneedle-street without owing sixpence to anybody?

We waited four days, and no answer came from Lucas. At last, in the afternoon of the fourth day, there came a telegram. "*All right. Come straight here on arriving.*" It was dated from a new address, which I made out with difficulty as to pronunciation.

"Never mind," said Jack; "we'll show it to the cabman when we get there, and he will know how to pronounce it."

This was a good suggestion. I put the telegram in my pocket, and we set about packing our light impedimenta, one portmanteau. We determined to take the train which met the Newhaven boat that evening; so when we had made a hasty meal, and got ourselves into travelling gear, there was no time to lose before we set out to the station. Jack was bursting with delight, but restrained himself from any foolish display of happiness which would have been unbecoming in a young man going abroad. He merely relieved his feelings by squeezing my arm now and then, and declaring that it was awfully jolly.

We got safely to Newhaven, where the first sight of the masts nearly sent him flying out of the train. He insisted on carrying the portmanteau, and would have carried me with the greatest pleasure if I had expressed the slightest preference for that mode of conveyance.

When we got fairly out to sea, and the boat began to dip heavily, he collapsed into ominous silence; but when I suggested that he had better

go down-stairs, he laughed the implied suspicion to scorn, and vowed he never was more comfortable in his life. In spite, however, of this protestation, he soon disappeared from the moonlit deck, and I saw him no more until an hour after daybreak, when, immersing myself from unspeakable misery, I stood at the foot of the gangway, and beheld Jack sitting on our portmanteau, with a countenance which, but for its youthful roundness, might have served as a model for Lazarus risen from the grave.

The journey to Paris was performed in meditative silence, each of us gazing out of our separate window. But when the train panted into the Gare St. Lazare our tongues were loosened, and Jack was himself again.

"Now, let us hail a cab and drive to Mr. Lucas's at once," he said, and off he flew for the cab.

I stood under the portico, watching the crowd, and manfully defending our portmanteau against the porters, who made a raid upon it one after another, while the crowd jostled me as it swept on, and out into the Place du Havre. At last Jack appeared with the cab, secured the portmanteau in it, and then said, "Now, show the fellow the telegram."

I put my hand in my pocket, but there was no telegram. I tried another pocket, and another; I tried all my pockets; but no telegram was to be found. "Good heavens! can I have lost it!" I exclaimed, plunging again in desperation into every corner where it might have hidden itself; "I could swear I put it into my waistcoat pocket."

"So you did, I saw you," said Jack; "but, look here, Dick, that was not the waistcoat you had on; it was your pepper-and-salt."

So it was! I had changed my pepper-and-salt suit for the one I now wore; and so I had left the telegram behind me. Here was a predicament! What were we to do? I had learned French as a boy, but for all practical purposes, I probably knew as much of it now as a Chimpanzee.

"It's awful fun," said Jack, seeing me looking up helplessly at the cabman, and presenting, no doubt, a very comical appearance.

"Awful it certainly is," I said savagely. "Why the deuce did you not think of the telegram, you young jackanapes! Where are we to turn now, I want to know? Where are we to find Lucas?"

"I think the street began with the letter R," suggested Jack; "it was something like Rock, Rat, Rum—something of that sort."

"*Allons, messieurs!*" called out the sergent-de-ville. "*Allons*; if you don't get in, the cab must drive on. You can't stop the way any longer."

I pulled out my portmanteau, and signed to the cabman that he might depart, but he did not see it; he had been called and kept waiting five minutes; he had no notion of being dismissed without a fare, and he began to inform me of this with extraordinary volubility.

"Can't you say something to him?" said Jack. "How I wish I had brought a book of phrases with me! Can't you find a word at all, Dick?"

Thus adjured, and seeing the Frenchman waxing terrible in his wrath, I raised my hat and, in the least English tone I could command, "*Bonjour, monseer,*" I said.

But, instead of soothing the cabman, my salutation enraged him; he thought I was jeering, and he began to swear frightfully. I understood this quite well, and then the sergent-de-ville came up and began to jabber at me, and a crowd gathered around us, and Jack's eyes were dancing out

of his head with laughter. I felt inclined to throttle him, and to fight the Frenchmen all around.

"What's it all about?" said Jack; "if he wants a tip, hadn't you better give it to him and let the rascal go?"

This was a bright idea; but then I remembered that I had no French money. I had counted on Lucas to change my bank-notes for me. However, I took out my purse, and displayed the notes and the English silver, and tried to convey to the cabman some idea of my situation.

"No monnaie frangsay. Forgotten address; la telegram à Londres. Vous parlez anglais, monseer?"

The sergent-de-ville began to understand, and at last he contrived to make the cabman see my position in such a pathetic light, that that aggrieved functionary touched his horse, and, nodding to me, prepared to move away. I could not resist calling out to him again, "Bong jour!" and by way of proving my good-will in the future, I added, "perhaps demang!" Whereupon he pulled out a bit of printed paper, with the number 21478 in large figures on it, and handed it to me with a bow, and some evidently complimentary remark, for a small boy looking on cried, "*Vive les Anglais!*" The cry was instantly taken up by all the others, till it swelled into a shout, and I found myself bowing, and beheld Jack flourishing his cap over his head, and crying "Hurrah for France!" at the top of his voice. The crowd dispersed as rapidly as it had collected, and Jack and I were left lamenting on the pavement facing Place du Havre. But we could not stay there for ever, so he lifted the portmanteau, and we went out into the noisy thoroughfare. We walked on past the Madeleine, down the Rue Royale, and into the Rue de Rivoli. I had a vague idea that the English Embassy looked on the Tuileries Gardens, and that here I should find help, no doubt.

"*English Reading-Room!*" exclaimed Jack, triumphantly. "Let us enquire here for Mr. Lucas's insurance office," and he pushed in the glass door of Galigni's Library.

I explained our embarrassing position to an elderly gentleman, who obligingly called for the directory, and found that the insurance office was in the Rue Roquepere. I thanked him, and we turned to leave the place, when the glass-door was turned open, and in walked my friend Lucas.

"Littleking! you here! What a lucky meeting!" I soon made him understand how exceedingly lucky it was. We went out together, first to a money-changer's, and then to my lodging. It was a dingy little place in a narrow street; but the room was clean and cheap. This was all I had stipulated for, so I had nothing to complain of.

"And it is a safe neighbourhood," observed Lucas, nodding at me significantly; "the barracks of the Rue de Penthiere are close by, and there are always police about." I was at a loss to know where the advantage of this lay; but my friend glanced towards Jack, as much as to warn me not to ask explanations in his hearing.

When we were alone, he told me to be very careful about letting the boy out of my sight. The scum of the old and new world was collected in Paris, and boys were easily entrapped into mischief; but Jack was not the least likely to get into mischief; besides, he was a lugubrious fellow, Lucas—always foreseeing evils; so I took no notice of this remark at the time. He was very kind in coming about with us, and for the

first few days had leave from the office, and ciceroned us everywhere, so Jack was always under his eye when we went abroad. One morning, however, he came to say he could not accompany us to the Exhibition, and not finding Jack with me, he became excited, in his solemn way, and asked how I could have let him out alone after the warning he had given me.

"Be advised, my dear fellow," he said, "don't be foolhardy."

"What *do* you mean?" I said; looking straight at him.

"Don't let that boy out by himself; he will certainly get into trouble if you do. Warn him, at least, not to be drawn into conversation by anyone, under any pretence whatever. There are ugly stories abroad just now of people, young people, who disappear in a mysterious manner, and are never heard of again."

"Do you mean that they are garrotted and murdered?"

"I mean that within the last three weeks several persons—at least four—have disappeared in broad daylight, and the efforts of their friends and the police have failed to discover any trace of them. A pastry-cook's boy went out on an errand ten days ago, and never returned, nor has he been heard of since."

"And what," I asked, "is supposed to have become of him?"

"Some say that these people are all murdered for their clothes, and whatever value they have about them; but as they are always of the poorer classes, this is very unlikely. The general belief is that they are entrapped by medical students and used for scientific purposes; probably vivisection in the first instance, and then dissection. There has been an outcry of late about the scarcity of subjects."

The suggestion was not pleasant, to say the least.

"It speaks badly," I said, "for the police of Paris, if such things can happen and remain undiscovered." I spoke calmly, and I dare say Lucas thought I looked upon the story as a hoax; but the truth is, that I grew cold to the marrow of my bones at the hideous possibility his words had conjured up. Jack was so venturesome and curious, that he was just the boy to be caught if a snare were set for him. He had been absent now for two hours, and I began to feel that this was a long time, as he had only gone off to look about him, and we were to start for the Exhibition at ten.

I drew a breath of relief when he burst into the room.

"I thought I was never going to get back," he cried. "A small boy caught hold of me, howling like anything, and making signs for me to go with him. I walked with him a bit of the way, until one of those policemen in the cocked hats came up and, asked what was the matter, and began to jabber away to the little fellow; and then I made my escape."

Lucas gave me a look that made me feel sick.

"Look here, Jack," I said; "you must promise me never to listen to any fellow, little or big, who speaks to you in the street while we are here. If you don't promise me this, I will pack up and be off to-night."

Jack stared at me with his great blue eyes, and then went off into peals of laughter.

"You don't think I am donkey enough to let myself be kidnapped like the small boys in the story-books?" he said.

"You mind what I tell you," I said, angrily; "if you don't, I shall pack you off by the next steamer."

Jack was not accustomed to hear me speak harshly; he looked from me to Lucas.

"The fact is," said Lucas, "one can't be too careful, Jack. Accidents happen every day, and my experience at the insurance office has taught me to be on the look-out. People get run over every day through not minding their own business. Above all, keep out of the way of mourning coaches. They are apt to run over people in the way of business. An old lady got run over by one of them the other day, and lost us £3,000. She had just insured her life ten days before. Then the pickpockets are so clever, they would pick old Harry's if they got the chance."

"They're not as clever as you make them out, if they don't see that my pocket wouldn't be worth the picking," said Jack, in a tone of disdainful incredulity which proved he was inwardly voting Lucas a muff.

By way of changing the conversation, I asked Lucas if there was anything particularly worth seeing at the Halles.

"Certainly," he replied; "they are quite worth visiting; it wants a quarter of ten; you can go now if you like, and after lunch we can meet at the Exhibition. I have an appointment there, or I would go with you to the Halles."

"Who are the Halles?" enquired Jack.

"The Dames de la Halle," said Lucas, "are the fishwomen of the great Paris market; sort of tigers who drink human blood when they get the chance. They are worth seeing."

Lucas himself was worth seeing as he said this. I began to feel half afraid of him, with his sallow face and melancholy eyes, and slow, solemn voice.

We took our hats and umbrellas, and went down-stairs together. On the way we met a man coming up; he took off his hat, and fell into the wall to let us pass. Even in the gloom of the stairs his face struck me as very repulsive, something between a wolf and a rat. It was the kind of face on the strength of which you would say a man was capable of anything.

"What a ghoul!" said Jack, when we reached the porte-cochère.

"I am sorry to say he is your landlord," said Lucas. "I had signed for the room before I saw him."

"What do you know of him?" I enquired.

"Nothing."

"Then why are you sorry?"

"Oh, for no reason in particular, except that, as Jack said just now, he has the face of a ghoul."

Lucas looked so uncommonly like a ghoul himself, that I could have laughed; but somehow his manner made me feel uncomfortable. He saw us into the Rue St. Honoré, and then we parted.

When we reached the Halles, the "opening roar" had been over for many hours; but even at this advanced hour the battle raged, and the Halles presented a curious scene. The train of market-carts had departed after emptying their treasures into the great emporium, but all was still animation. The war of tongues rose shrill and loud; idlers hovered about the stalls; vendors and buyers were hard at work. I myself had been hard at work on the little phrase-book which Jack had procured; and it was astonishing how my long-forgotten stock of French, such as it was, had come back to me. The vocabulary of the ladies of

the Halles was not strictly classical—much of their wit and wisdom was therefore lost to me; but I understood enough to be highly interested in their discourse. As to Jack, he went about, book in hand, with the impudence of a young pug, airing his French with great complacency and winning favour with the fishwomen, who seemed highly diverted by his rendering of their vernacular. I sauntered on ahead of him, listening to the chaff, savage and good-humoured by turns, that was flying about on all sides.

"*Venez ma petite dame, voyez,*" cried a fishwoman; "see what a divine little mackerel I have for you, and so cheap! See, *ma petite dame!*"

The little dame thus entreated was a tall, genteel-looking person in very deep mourning, and conspicuous from being the only person round the fish-stalls whose appearance was the least like that of a lady. She looked at the divine little mackerel, and pronounced it good, but dear.

"Dear!" shrieked the woman, with a laugh like a yell; "dear! It is for nothing; *c'est un cadeau que je vous fais.* Tenez, it would be cheap at two francs, and I offer it to you for thirty sous!"

"I will give you a franc for it," said the lady, timidly.

The woman stared at her for a moment; then caught up the fish, and before the other could retreat, slapped her on the face with it. A shout of laughter greeted the spirited performance, and drowned the scream of the poor lady, who hastened away, wiping her face with her pocket-handkerchief, while the fishwife stood hooting and jeering, with her hand on her haunches. I was shocked and indignant, and, without reflecting on the consequences, I struck the stall with my fist, and, with such French as I could command, poured out a volley of reproaches on the virago. She probably understood nothing of it, except the fact that I meant to scold her. But this was enough. She flew at me like a panther, and with both hands seized me by the throat. There was a struggle for a moment, and I fell heavily to the ground. I was stunned by the fall, by the whole proceeding, indeed; but I quickly recovered myself, and rose to my feet. A sudden change, however, had come over the scene. A bell was ringing, and everybody was flying, or making ready to fly, gathering up their wares, and carrying away baskets, &c., while a cry of "Fire! fire!" resounded on every side. Where was Jack? I could not see him. I called to him, pushing my way through the screaming, chattering mob, but no one answered. The bell went on ringing, and still the cry was "Fire! fire!" It was a general *saute qui peut*. I rushed on with it, calling out "Jack! Jack!" at the top of my voice. All the horrors that ever flitted through a human brain in the space of sixty seconds now rushed through mine. I saw Jack carried off, murdered, cut to pieces. I never was a very pious man; but I sent up a prayer in that market as fervent as ever was breathed by a saint.

"Oh! Jack, Jack! my God, save him!" I exclaimed, unconsciously speaking out loud in my misery.

"All right; it's only a hoax," said someone close to me. "There aint no fire at all."

The sound of my own language was like a deliverance.

"You don't happen to have seen hereabout a fair English lad about your own age?" I said.

"Lor! Why that must be the chap that's made the row!" said the English boy, and he held his sides and roared.



"What do you mean?" I said, shaking him by the shoulder; "what row are you talking about?"

"This 'ere row; he's been a-ringin' of the fire-bell."

"Jack! my brother? What do you mean?"

"I don't know if his name was Jack, but he was a-callin' out 'Dick,' and trying to ask his way to the fish-stalls, and I came up to him and told him I was English, and to come along and I'd show him; and I asked him what his name was and where he lived. 'What's that to you?' he said. 'All right!' says I. I was walking off when I thought I'd be even with him, and teach him to give a civil answer to a civil question the next time; so I turned back, and I says, 'If you're a-lookin' for somebody you've lost 'ere, just go behind that wooden place and ring the bell, and the turpretur 'ill come; the turpretur's the man that speaks the languages. You keep on a-ringin' till he comes.' Off he goes and sets to a-pullin' at the fire-bell till the whole place is cleared out. Aint it fun!"

"You unconscionable rascal! You deserve to be horsewhipped!" I said. "Where is the fire-bell?"

He pointed to it, and then thinking it best apparently to make his escape from the scene of his clever exploit, he darted around the corner and disappeared. At the same moment it became evident that a reaction had taken place in the panic-stricken crowd; the stampede was arrested, and it seemed known to the people that they had been the victims of a hoax. The fierce faces that I saw around me, as the people suspended their flight and stood listening to the bell, told me plainly enough what would be Jack's fate if he were caught in the act of sounding the false alarm. I sent up another prayer every bit as fervent as that first one; and plunged on, leaping over piles of ducks and chickens, taking a header through masses of vegetables, charging the serried ranks of butter barrels and cheeses, I reached the wooden erection pointed out by the English boy, slipped inside of it, and seizing Jack by the collar, dragged him away, and on through the now infuriated mob; for the truth had come out and spread like lightning, and I could not breathe until we were in the street outside.

"Thank heaven!" I said, wiping the perspiration from my forehead.

Jack's astonishment was too great for words.

"What's the matter, Dick? Is it a revolution?" he said at last.

"It was very near being an execution," I said. "If the people had caught you ringing that bell they would have torn you limb from limb. It was the fire-bell!"

"You don't mean it!" said Jack, looking back at the Halles with a scared face. Then the boy's view of the situation coming forcibly upon him, he held his sides and laughed till the tears ran down his face.

I could have knocked him down I was so angry, but the sight of his merriment was irresistible, and after a vain attempt to keep up my dignity, I joined in the fun and laughed heartily with him.

"It was a rascally trick of that fellow to play you," I said, when we had done; "he knew right well they would half murder you if they had caught you at it."

"It was awful clever, though," said Jack, going off again; "and I did snub him, but that was because you made such a fuss about me speaking to anyone."

"You were quite right. He might of been in the pay of these wretches for all we knew," I said.



"What wretches?"

"The—the red republicans; they have spies about everywhere trying to get up a revolution."

This was a very lame explanation; but Jack was not well up in political systems, so it answered.

It was now time to set out towards the Exhibition, where we were to meet Lucas, and lunch together. Our trysting-place was the Prince of Wales' pavilion. When we got to the Porte Rapp, the throng of carriages and vehicles of every description was tremendous, and the crush at the gates of entrance equally dense.

We crossed over to the stand where a man was crying out *teekets, messieurs et dames! Teekets!* Having secured "teekets," we crossed back again and went in. The thing was now to get to the Prince of Wales' pavilion. The place was so vast, the avenues and galleries and courts made such a network of intersecting lines, that it was extremely difficult to make one's way to a given point without a guide, and it was the easiest thing in the world to lose one's self altogether.

"Let us not lose each other at any rate," said Jack, and he linked his arm in mine, as we wended our way to the street of Nations where the pavilion was. I asked my way continually, so as to make sure we were keeping on the right track, and we resolutely resisted the temptation of stopping to admire the wonders arrayed on either side of us. At last we found ourselves in the Rue des Nations, and in front of the elegant little pavilion. But to our dismay we found that only those who had tickets might enter. Here was a fix!

"How stupid of Mr. Lucas not to have told us!" said Jack.

There was no use standing here gazing up at the closed doors of the royal sanctum, and there was no one of whom we could make any enquiries of our truant cicerone, so we sauntered up and down the Rue, visited the various specimens of architecture, and then wandered on to Bacarat's Temple of Crystal, through the jewel courts of France; we listened to the singing birds of Germany, as they trilled away, hopping from perch to perch in their golden cages; Jack was lost in wonder and could not believe but that they were alive. We flashed our eyes on the porcelain of Vienna, the mosaics of Italy, the lacquer work of Japan and China.

We began at last to feel dazed by all the splendours we had been staring at for so many hours, and besides we were tired and hungry, for we had had no luncheon, and it was now just five. As a clock somewhere announced this fact, Jack seemed to remember this vacuum in nature, and called out that he was starving. I asked a man who looked like a guardian to show us the way to a café, and he very civilly walked a bit down the gallery with us till we came within sight of an open space. "Cross that," he said, "turn to the right, walk through Austria, across Russia, cut diagonally through Spain, with the Chinese Empire, round Turkey, and then ask one of my colleagues to show you the way to the nearest café."

"Shall we try it," I said.

"We may as well," Jack replied, "we shall find either the café or the way out in course of time."

We walked fully half-an-hour, however, before we achieved either of

these results. I was losing patience, and Jack declared he would eat his boots if it lasted ten minutes longer.

"Look!" he cried, suddenly squeezing my arm, "there is the little fellow who made me ring the fire-bell!"

"Where! Where is he?" I exclaimed, turning quickly around, but the little scoundrel had evidently caught sight of us and made his escape. We stood watching, and looked for some minutes, but we did not catch sight of him again."

"What can he be doing here?" said Jack.

"On the look-out for mischief!" I said. "I only wish I could catch him, and I would give him such a thrashing as he would never forget."

On we went through the never-ending maze, until just on the stroke of six o'clock there was a universal stampede, and we were borne on with it, almost lifted off the ground as we hurried along, until finally it landed us at the *Porte de l'Ecole Militaire*. The crowd we had seen coming in was absolutely nothing compared to this crowd going out. We were wedged in amidst a compact mass of people with barely breathing space.

Jack held on to me tight, so we continued to keep together; but suddenly there was an opening in the crowd as a horseman came charging down on us; the people fell back on both sides, contracting as by a miracle, and the *estafette* rode on.

"Now, let us make a rush for it," I said. But turning around at Jack as I said this, I perceived that Jack was not beside me. I went on, however, and pushed my way out into the open, and stood to watch for him. That he might the more easily catch sight of me, I stood up on a large empty packing-box which lay on the pathway, and so became a prominent object for all the crowd to gaze at. But on it poured in countless numbers, and no sign of Jack. The crowd grew less, and at last melted away completely, and only a few stragglers remained; not even a cab was to be seen, everybody was gone.

"What can have become of him!" I said out aloud, and descending from my pedestal, I stood looking up and down the wide space. "What an idiot the boy is not to have looked about him and seen me!"

"I began to wish I had left him safe in London. It was absurd to suppose he had got into mischief of any sort; he was no fool, and he could make his way home without me. I walked on till I met an empty cab, and hailing it, I was telling the man where to drive me, when his attention and mine were drawn to a crowd which had gathered on the Boulevard. I hurried towards it with a vague idea that an accident might have happened to Jack. It appeared, however, that it was only an arrest that had taken place, and the people were discussing the affair with that eager volubility which the French display on those occasions. "Was it a political arrest?" I enquired, in my select French. The person I addressed replied, no; it was a row between two young men, one of them a German, he believed.

"Not a German, an Englishman," corrected a blouse.

"They got talking politics, and came to blows."

"The French boy got knocked down," added the first speaker.

"Non pas, non pas," said the blouse; "it was the English boy who got knocked down, and the *sergent-de-ville*, in a spirit of national politeness and hospitality, arrested the French boy."

"Which way did the English boy go?" I enquired.

"Yonder; across the bridge."

"No," said the blouse, "he marched on after the sergent-de-ville, talking and gesticulating. I think he was trying to beg off the other boy, but the sergent-de-ville kept never minding."

"And which way did they go?" I asked.

"That way. To the Prefecture de Police."

Of course I knew at once that Jack was the English boy. It was just like him, to get into a row, and then stand by the enemy when he had got him into difficulty. I jumped into the cab, and desired the man to drive to the Prefecture; but suddenly remembering my comparative ignorance of the language, and my total ignorance of the ways of the place, who to ask for, and so on, I thought much time would be saved if I could get Lucas to come with me.

We drove off to the insurance office, and I met him at the door. He was going to enter into explanations, when I stopped him, and told what had happened. His face fell at once.

"Of course I'll come with you. I only hope you may be right, and that it was Jack who was in the row."

"Then you don't think it was?"

"I don't see how it could have been. He can't speak a dozen words of French, and if —"

"But the French boy may have spoken English?"

"That is most improbable. However, don't let us lose time discussing it. We will drive to the Prefecture."

We got into my cab, and Lucas promised the man double fare if he drove us fast. We went like the wind, and were quickly at the Prefecture.

"Stay you here while I go in and make the enquiries," said Lucas, and he entered the building alone.

It seemed to me an hour until he came out of it, and his face looked, if possible, more solemn and longer than when he had gone in.

"Well?" I said.

"No account of him. It was an Alsatian whom a gamin de Paris mistook for a German, and so they quarrelled and came to blows."

"What are we to do now?" I enquired.

"Was Jack short-sighted?" Lucas asked, after a moment's hesitation.

"Not he! He could see a mile off."

"Nor deaf at all?"

"Not the least. Why do you ask?"

"I was only thinking that if he had been short-sighted or hard of hearing, he would have been more likely to get run over. The French jarvies are abominable drivers."

Common-sense ought to have told me that this was altogether improbable. Jack was accustomed to tread his way through the maze of the city every day; but I was rapidly coming to that point of nervous excitement which drowns the voice of common-sense and leaps over probabilities.

"Suppose he had met with an accident, what then?" I enquired.

"If the accident were not *fatal*—if it were only a case of broken bones, they would convey him at once to the hospital. But if —"

Lucas's face grew cadaverous.

"If what?"

"If it were fatal, he would be carried to the morgue."

I had never seen the morgue, but I had heard of it. I grew sick, and, no doubt, my face showed it.

"Littleking, be a man," said Lucas; "there is yet hope; but had we not better face the worst at once? Come with me to the morgue."

"I wot'n't!" shouted I, savagely; "why should you suppose anything so horrible? Take me to the hospital."

His melancholy eyes looked at me reproachfully.

"Very well," he said; "but it is a loss of time."

"Good God! Do you mean —," I gasped; "are you hiding the truth from me?"

"I have nothing to hide. I know nothing; but it is better to know the worst at once. My experience in the life insurance has taught me —"

"The life insurance be hanged!" I said; "what did you mean by saying it was time lost to go to the hospital?"

"We are now close to the morgue," he replied; "in five minutes we can have it off our minds, whereas by going first to the hospital we shall have a long delay in case —"

I could have knocked him down; and yet his eyes were filling; his hand shook as he grasped my arm. I turned from him sullenly, and walked on towards the dead-house by the river. He would have taken my arm, but I shook him off. His sympathy was hateful to me. But for him I should not have come to Paris; and from almost the first he had poisoned my life with his hints and stories of horrors. We strode on in silence till we were close upon the low building that rises above the murky water. Many persons were going towards it; there were several standing at the gate, peering in through the bars; there was evidently a tenant in the ghastly watch-house, for the group conversed in awe-stricken tones.

"Wait here," said Lucas; "I will go on by myself."

I let him go, and mechanically sat down on the low wall of the quay. The sound of his footsteps advancing towards the grated door fell on my heart like blows; when they ceased, my heart stood still.

I was not left long in suspense. He came back almost immediately, calling out, "All right, thank God!" as he ran.

"My dear fellow! what a relief! I felt almost sure it would be; but it was so much better to have it over at once. Now, let us drive to the hospital."

I could have flung him over the parapet. Why had he inflicted this torture on me if he felt it was unnecessary?

We got into the cab again; it had followed us at a footpace from the Hotel de Ville; and we were soon at the Hotel Dieu. Lucas again volunteered to go and make the enquiries alone.

This time I thought he was never coming back. When at last he did, it was to inform me that nobody could tell him anything; it was past the hour; the right persons were not there, they had gone to their dinners. We were requested to call to-morrow morning.

"To-morrow morning! And they expect us to sleep on that!" I said. "Can't we insist on their getting us the information? It's monstrous to say that their rules are to interfere in a case of common humanity."

"I urged all that, but to no purpose," said Lucas; "however, the porter assures me that he saw every case that came in, and that there was not one answering the least my description of Jack."

"Why, in heaven's name, did you not say so at once?" I cried. "Where can we try next?"

"The Hospital St. Louis is the nearest," he replied.

We drove there, but learned nothing of Jack. But I will not prolong the history of our dreary pilgrimage. We went the round of all the hospitals, and with the same result. I grew more sanguine at every failure, but Lucas became more and more despondent. When we tried at last the Beaujon Hospital, and in vain, he actually groaned.

I could not help saying, "One would think you were sorry not to find the poor lad on a stretcher, or smashed to a jelly somewhere."

"You can't misunderstand me, Littleking?" he replied, turning a look of deep compassion on me. "I told you already; I warned you from the first of what you should guard Jack from."

He had, indeed, told me little else since I had set foot in Paris. I hated him; and yet I had no one to turn to if I quarrelled with him.

"Help me, Lucas!" I said; "what am I to do?"

"I would go to the Prefecture, tell them what we have done, and place the matter in the hands of the police. We can do no more."

I consented to accompany him again to the Hotel de Ville. I would have gone with him anywhere, for I was incapable of forming any plan myself.

As we drove rapidly through the crowded streets, now lighted up by the gay lamps and the blazing shop windows, I looked away from them up to the peaceful stars, and tried to steady my thoughts.

It was now clear that my poor Jack had neither been killed nor wounded in a street accident; but how about this other incomparably more dreadful alternative? Was he the boy to let himself be decoyed away by any stranger in the public streets? Moreover, I had specially warned him in view of any such possibility. It was still more unlikely that he should have been taken by force; he was a strong lad for his age, as plucky as a terrier; and, besides, in open daylight such an attempt could never have been made by any but lunatics.

"It is an absurdity to contemplate it," I said aloud, gaining confidence from these reflections; "Jack was not the boy to be caught by the threats or blandishments of those fiends."

"Not with his knowledge and free will," said Lucas.

"What do you mean?"

"They generally stupefy their victims before securing them. Their plan is—so I have heard, at least—to throw a handkerchief soaked in chloroform over the face of the poor wretch; then he falls down insensible, and they carry him off without any difficulty. If the police ask a question, their friend has fainted."

I grew sick to death. This man whom I called my friend had become horrible to me as a snake. I began to dread him. All sorts of superstitious fancies crowded on my imagination. I wondered if the stories that had terrified my childhood were all inventions, and if it might not be true that demons sometimes took the form of men; if there were no such things as vampires, ghostly creatures who walked amongst the living during daylight, but after dark fled to churchyards,

and prowled about amongst the dead, feasting on human flesh. The sound of Lucas's voice was sepulchral, his countenance was no longer pallid, it was livid ; it seemed to me, as I eyed him askance in the darkness of the cab, that he was green and blue by turns. I felt an impulse to fly from him, to dash open the door and make my escape. Did he read my thoughts ? Before I could put them into action, I felt myself seized by both arms, and then I remembered nothing.

When I recovered from this swoon, the natural enough effect of intense anxiety of mind on an empty stomach, I found my head resting on Lucas's shoulder. There was a great confusion of people hurrying to and fro ; but presently I was staggering on my feet, and soon found myself in our own porter's lodge, sitting in his big arm-chair. Lucas had disappeared, and when I asked the porter where he was, the man replied that he had gone to fetch M. le Docteur. I was sufficiently myself again to feel a qualm of remorse on hearing this ; but the unfed beast within me was growing fainter and fainter, and I felt that I was going to swoon again.

"Some sal-volatile ! quick !" someone cried, and I opened my eyes and beheld bending over me the ghoul we had met on the stairs that morning. Someone handed him a glass—a young man with a round cap—he put the glass to my lips and I swallowed the sal-volatile.

Lucas was again beside me.

"Who is he ?" I whispered.

"Your landlord ; he is a doctor."

"The young one, I mean."

"A medical student who happened to be with him when I went in."

I pressed Lucas's arm, and was conscious of something like the feeling which may prompt a drowning man to catch at a shark. Was I myself in the fangs of the hideous murderers, and had he done it ? I was too faint to speak. They carried me up-stairs and laid me on the bed. When, after either another swoon or a short sleep of exhaustion, I opened my eyes, I saw a lighted candle on the ground beside me. There was no bedstead. I lay on a mattress on the floor. The ceiling, which slanted from the roof, was so low, I wondered if I should be able to stand upright in the room. Where was I ? I sat up and looked round me, feeling like an animal caught in a trap. There was another mattress on the ground beside me, and on it a tray with some food and a bottle of wine. A clock somewhere struck eleven. I had tasted nothing since nine in the morning. The promptings of hunger for the moment overcame all other sensations ; I fell upon the food and ate ravenously. I then stood up and peered about me. Was escape impossible ? The door did not look formidable ; but if I succeeded in kicking it open, what chance did this offer ? I should be at once seized by the wretches who had locked me up, and who were, no doubt, somewhere close by, keeping watch. The window was in the roof, and exit through it would be difficult, and might prove no better than a choice of deaths ; still it was my only chance of escape, and I resolved to try it. If I could get out on the roof and signal to the people in the streets I should certainly be rescued. For this purpose I took the sheet off the bed, intending to shake it from the house-top until I attracted the attention of the passers-by. If this failed, I would set fire to it. Unluckily, in climbing up through the narrow window the sheet dropped on the



candle and extinguished it; and as I had no matches about me, all hope of making a blaze was now at an end. I scrambled out on the roof, holding the sheet between my teeth, and had just got a footing, when I heard the door of the room open and a voice cry out, "Here I am, Dick!"

It is a marvel that I did not lose my footing and fall headlong into the street. I contrived, however, to steady myself, and called out to Jack to help me down. He did so with wonderful coolness; but he afterwards confessed to me that he was almost paralyzed with fright, for he thought I had gone up there to commit suicide by flinging myself down into the street.

When I had somewhat recovered from the surprise and emotion caused by his arrival, he struck a light from a matchbox he had in his pocket, and proceeded to tell me the history of his adventures since we parted.

On losing sight of me in the crowd, he went straight on, thinking we should meet in a few minutes. Crushing through the door of exit, he saw someone a little in advance dressed in a shepherd's-plaid suit exactly like mine, and he pressed on in the wake of this person, whom he lost sight of now and then in the crowd, but who at last emerged in the avenue and walked on, almost running, as if to overtake somebody.

"I made sure you were running after me," said Jack, "and so I holloed and ran after you as hard as I could. But at last I got out of breath, and you disappeared. I thought the best thing I could do was to come straight home, and that you would turn up. But you didn't turn up, and I began to worry. I consulted the *concierge*, and he made out somehow that I had lost my frere, and told me to go to the police and Monsieur Lucas. I thought Mr. Lucas was the best to begin with, but when I got to his office it was shut. Then I remembered Galignani's place, so off I went there. They were awfully good-natured; a gentleman who was there offered to come back with me to the office and knock up somebody, and get Mr. Lucas's private address. He said you were sure to be all right, only worrying about me, and that most likely you and Mr. Lucas were hunting for me together. But we got his address and went straight there, and there was no account of him. It was ten o'clock by this time, and the *concierge* was surprised not to have seen him, as he was expected home to dinner; he was very civil, and begged us to go up-stairs and speak to his old woman. We found her in an awful state of mind about her *poulet*, and all the dinner that had been waiting these three hours. I would have ate it all up if she had only given me a chance, but she didn't. Back we came here; the gentleman insisted on coming with me; and there we found that you had been carried home in a dead faint, but that you were all right now."

"So it was a storm in a tea-cup, as far as you were concerned," I said, when he had finished his story; "but what is the meaning of our being sent up to this attic? I can't make that out."

"There was a fire in the house this afternoon. The English gentleman told me so; the *concierge* told him all about it. The muslin curtain in our room caught fire when the servant was closing the shutters, and in a few minutes the place was in a blaze and the firemen were sent for, and there was a great hubbub. The bed was drenched



and the room swimming in water, so they couldn't put you into it, and this was the only spot they had to make a shake-down for us."

"Why didn't Lucas stay by me till I came to, and he could tell me all about it?" I enquired suspiciously; "it is very odd that he should have gone off and left me here in a dead faint."

"They told him I had been home looking for you, and that I had gone off again to find him, so he ran off to catch me and bring me back. Besides, you had come to before he went away, and the doctor said it was nothing, that you would come to again, and that you should eat something when you woke."

"And you," I said, "you must be starved, my poor Jack! Had not you better go down and get something to eat now?"

"There is food here," he said; "if you aren't going to devour it all." And he drew over the tray and set to work on the bread and cold meat and wine which remained.

"Now, hadn't we better lie down and get to sleep?" he said; "I'm so awfully tired, Dick."

We made a short but hearty prayer, stretched ourselves on our mattresses, and were soon fast asleep. I was too excited to enjoy peaceful slumbers; my sleep was troubled by a horrid dream. I thought we were walking in the Strand, Jack and I, when a man wearing a cocked hat over a dark, wicked face came near us, and stared fiercely at Jack. Jack made a face at him, whereupon the man pulled off his cocked hat and threw it at him, and he disappeared under it as if he had been a mushroom. I had turned furiously round on the man, and to my dismay saw that he was our Paris landlord. "He has kidnapped Jack!" I thought, and the terror of the discovery awoke me.

I lay awake some time. The room was perfectly dark, but through the bull's eye in the roof I could see one lonely star twinkling in the violet vault. I watched it as if I had never seen a star before, so divinely beautiful did it seem to me. I watched a long time, until my star was dead. After awhile in the darkness, I thought I detected the sound of footsteps on the stairs. I sat up and listened; the footsteps came nearer; they stopped at our door, and I heard voices speaking in low whispers. I rose to my knees, listening with all my might. The handle of the door turned stealthily, and I distinctly heard the words: "*Did you sharpen the knife?*"—"Où, M. le Docteur; but must I cut them both?"

I did not hear the answer. I sprang to my feet, determined to sell my life and Jack's dearly. I did not wake him, but stood back to the wall, so as to fall upon the murderer and disarm him. The door opened slowly, and a lantern held by someone behind shot a sudden gleam on the face and figure of the *concierge*, holding a long carving-knife in his right hand. I let him come on, and when he was close to me I sprang at him, wrenched the carving-knife from him, and seizing the ruffian by the throat, I shouted out "Jack! Help! *Au fou! au fou!*" I meant to give an alarm of fire, but it appears I was crying out "a lunatic! a lunatic!"

Jack was on his feet in an instant. The scene must have been a terrible one, but we were in the dark; the lantern had been dropped, and the *concierge* dragged violently from my grasp by the invisible person who had carried it. The noise and confusion were indescribable;

but it all passed in less time than I take to tell it. The two villains fled and I shut the door upon them, setting my foot against it, while still shouting out "help! murder! police!"

"If we could push that big box I saw under the roof against the door so as to make a barricade," I said, "I would then get out on the roof and set fire to a sheet. But where to find a match now!"

"There is a box of them in my jacket, if I could lay my hands on it," said Jack; "but why barricade the door?"

"To keep those ruffians out."

"Then, lock it," said Jack.

"With what? Do you suppose they left a key in it? They locked me up here when I fainted; that was why I got out to signal from the roof."

"They didn't lock you up," Jack said; "I found the door open and walked in."

It was quite true, he had. I felt staggered. Had I then not tried the door before resorting to the house-top? Apparently not.

Jack struck a match and lighted the candle.

"Now see if there is no key in the door," he said.

I looked and saw that there was, both a key and a bolt.

"It is very odd," I remarked; "very."

"How did the row begin?" said Jack. "Did the fellows wake you up, or how was it?"

I told him how I had lain awake and heard the footsteps, the door stealthily opened, the horrible questions exchanged between the two men.

"But," said Jack, "are you quite sure they meant to murder us?"

"What else could they mean? What else brought them here in the dead of the night with that carving-knife?"

"It looks like it," he replied; but I saw he was not quite convinced even yet.

"What would they get by murdering us? That's what I don't see," he added, looking at me with his fearless, innocent, unbelieving blue eyes.

"They had their own ends in view," I replied; "but they were foiled by a merciful Providence. Let us kneel down and give thanks for our deliverance, Jack."

He laid the candlestick on the chair, and with too little alacrity, I thought, was preparing to kneel down, when, lifting up the candlestick, he exclaimed:—

"Stop a minute! What are those things hanging from the slant of the roof?"

He whipped up the candlestick, and held it close to the objects in question.

"A ham and a great big sausage! As sure as a gun, Dick, these are what they were going to cut!"

He looked at me, and then, dropping the candlestick, laughed till he cried again. I looked from his face to the edibles dangling over our heads and the greasy kitchen-knife lying on the floor, and I had nothing for it but to own myself an idiot, and join in Jack's uproarious laughter. This was then the culmination of my ghastly terrors, of Lucas's gloomy warnings! Jack had no mercy on me, but made my life a burthen to me with his perpetual jeering and joking until we had left Paris, and were once more in the sobering atmosphere of Threadneedle-street.

A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.

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One Christmas Eve, when all the earth  
Was white, and fell the silent snow,  
A little child, beside a hearth  
Which shed around its cheerful glow,  
Sate on his mother's knee, the while  
She read the story of Christ's birth,  
And listened with a simple smile.

He held her dear hand in his own ;  
For there was danger as delight  
In what he heard of what was done  
When Herod reigned ; but innocent bright  
As the star-smile which led each mage  
Across the desert in the night,  
His eyes became ; and when he learned—  
With heart too full of joy to speak—  
The Baby Christ was saved ; he turned  
And kissed the olden Bible's page,  
And then his mother's cheek.

" I love that little Baby dear,"  
The child said, " and would like to know,  
And have him with me ever here,  
Mother, to be my playfellow."  
And then he mused ; and oftentimes  
Asked questions, till the fire sunk low,  
And from afar the Christmas chimes  
Came ringing gladly o'er the snow :  
When he was put to bed ; for lo !  
All must be early up for prayer  
In the dark dawn approaching there.

Then came a dear dream to the child.  
He thought that he was borne along  
Through starry skies, o'er waters wild,  
By someone gentle, kind, and strong—  
Someone unseen, but whom he knew  
Loved him, so that he felt no fear,  
As softly through the spaces blue  
They glided—airy deserts drear :  
Above the heavens shone ; below,  
Lands, cities, mountains pale with snow

And then another glimmering main,  
Toward realms where all things were in wane—  
A dark sea-fronting town, where beat  
The white surge on the ruined towers ;  
An inland whence arose the sweet  
Scents of the vines and sleeping flowers ;  
For night was there ; deep azure gloom  
Covered the eastern plains until  
They came where many a rock-hewn tomb  
Caverned the sides of a dark hill.  
And, frightened at the darkness, he  
Like a bewildered little bird  
Was just about to cry, when—lo !  
A lovely star shone sacredly  
Into a quiet cave below  
Upon the mountain side, where grew  
Clusters of olive trees, and where  
Vineyards and gardens, bright with dew,  
Serenely glimmered in the air ;  
So sweet, the child, no more afraid,  
Then said a little simple prayer,  
Blent with the earliest words he knew,  
That "God would bless and ever near  
Be to himself and mother dear,"  
And happy felt, the while he neared  
That spot, the star, which never stirred,  
Beckoned him toward ; so in the gloom  
He entered, as he would his home.

Within that cave reigned sacred calm ;  
Anear the entrance slept a lamb ;  
The inner space at first seemed dim ;  
And sweet the air with breath of kine ;  
Its only light came from the star  
In Heaven, around them as afar,  
Whose holy smile appeared to shine  
On Mother and her Babe Divine ;  
And those grey-browed grave figures there,  
Who, in the distance, bowed in prayer,  
Came from the East to worship Him.  
No sound was heard save of the song  
The angels near the heart of God  
In heaven's highest, pure abode,  
Voiced 'mid the shining worlds above,  
Of joy, and hope, and peace, and love  
On earth, to be redeemed ere long—  
Love which alone makes Being strong ;

Delighted beyond all delight,  
Amid the vivid vast of night,  
Those holy voices murmured nigh,  
Singing the Christ Babe's lullaby.

Then in the hush, with innocent smile,  
Familiar as at home the while,  
The child approached, devoid of fear  
Or feeling the least strange ; in sooth  
His little heart, all love and truth,  
Already loved that Infant dear.  
As the Holy Babe looked with His clear  
Divine eyes on the human child,  
And moved His blessed lips, and smiled,  
Fondly ; then placed His shining hand,  
As by a mother's sweet command,  
Upon the little dreamer's head—  
Who, silently enraptured,  
Would longer with Him have wished to stay—  
When, hark ! from the sacred star which shone  
Brighter than ever, the angels' song  
Swelled sudden near, and—the scene was gone !  
And again in his cradle of cloud along  
Was the happy dream-child borne away ;  
And all had faded save one divine  
Memory—never more to fade  
From his heart's dear home thus happy made ;  
As he was wafted across the brine  
And snowy world in guardian gloom  
Back to his well-known little room,  
Where from sleep he was awaked betimes  
By the Christmas morning's sacred chimes,

T. C. IRWIN.



## RICHARD BOYLE, FIRST EARL OF CORK.

*(Concluded.)*

IN that portion of our sketch of Richard Boyle's life, contained in the November number of this magazine, we had arrived at the year 1600. He had been appointed clerk to the Council of Munster, of which Sir George Carew was Lord President, and buried his first wife, Joan Apsley, and her child, in a graveyard at Buttevant. At this point we interrupted our narrative in order to recount the episode respecting the monument to his second wife on the site of the high altar in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and to contrast the treatment of poor Joan's remains by the young aspirant with that bestowed on the corpse of the high-descended and powerfully-connected daughter of Sir Geoffry Fenton by the now Earl of Cork, at the pinnacle of place and power. Not content, however, with erecting a monument such as had never before been seen, the old man determined to write for himself an epitaph which should be equally unprecedented. Accordingly he sat down, and from the depths of his inward consciousness composed his "True Remembrances." He had always before his eyes the fact that there were incidents in his career open to the gravest suspicion, that there had been more than one slur cast upon his name, and that many men of high position and spotless honour looked askance at him and shrank from his contact. The stupendous monument of marble and alabaster would appeal to the eye, and the epitaph written in the "True Remembrances" would speak to the understanding and go straight to the heart. Both combined would shield his name from posthumous calumny or damning inferences from equivocal circumstances. Upon this thought he spake and produced the memoir in question. It is written in artless style and a tone of injured innocence. At proper stages are interspersed pious ejaculations and prayerful thanksgivings; though occasionally, when allusion is made to anyone that had injured him in purse or reputation, there is the shadow of a curse, not loud, but deep, a something between the growl of a mastiff and the hiss of an even-venomed serpent. In after years his son, the famous Robert Boyle, wrote a very delightful memoir of his own youth, wherein, speaking of his father, he describes him (page xiv.) as one "who supplied what he wanted in scholarship himself by being a passionate affecter and eminent patron of it."\* But though his

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\* "Biography of Robert Boyle," by Birch.

scholarship was small, his literary power was great, and whether he is soliciting a troop of horse for his son, Dungarvan, from the Marquis of Ormond, or detailing his merits and sacrifices on behalf of the commonwealth to the Speaker of the disloyal English Parliament, or inditing an anticipatory defence of his life in the "True Remembrances," his exposition is always terse, forcible and telling; in his hands "the thing became a trumpet, whence he blew" self-laudatory strains, many, clear and resonant. Nor in this, as in almost every other act of his life, was his prevision at fault. For full one hundred years after the date prefixed to his astute memoir, that document was passed in manuscript from member to member of the ever-widening circle of his high and accomplished descendants; it formed, in fact, a kind of family gospel, became in due time the infallible text-book of the historian, and materially contributed to the misapplication of the epithet "Great," which is usually prefixed to the name of the first Earl of Cork.

The bigoted Borlase quotes it with rapture; the venomous Cox gloats over it; both make it the foundation of a huge superstructure of extravagant eulogy. It was not until 1734 that it was first published in entirety by Birch, the biographer of the Honourable Robert Boyle. That writer, at the opening of his work, gives in full the "True Remembrances" of the earl, with adequate expressions of admiration, and with unquestioning faith in the veracity they so suspiciously profess. That belief remained current for generations. In addition to the authors we have named, we should mention that of Smith, the well-known historian of the counties of Cork, Kerry and Waterford. In his eyes they are seemingly entitled to as much credit as the utterances of the inspired writers. But time brought about its changes, and one of them was the application of criticism to the productions of those partisans of a system, who, to justify wrong and perpetuate injustice, had falsified history and been left too long in undisputed possession of the field. Before proceeding further, we must here cite a few passages from this famous memoir. Let the reader picture to himself "Old Richard"—as Strafford, in one of his last letters from the Tower, irreverently styles the *Great* Earl of Cork—seated before his desk in his sanctum at Dublin Castle. The monument in St. Patrick's, on the site of the high altar, has been just completed. He is in his sixty-seventh year, and apparently at the height of human felicity. But there before him stands the skeleton in the cupboard. What signify the trophy of marble and alabaster, the vast estates and the titles multiplied by the number of his offspring, if his name is to go down to posterity branded as that of a forger, thief and traitor? The thought inspires his pen, and he indites the "True Remembrances," which are to descend as a family heirloom, an imperishable monument of the innocence and virtues of this



prime favourite of heaven, this inheritor of "God's Providence."  
And now for the *ipsissima verba* :—

"I, Sir Richard Boyle, Knight, Baron of Youghal, Viscount Dungarvan, Earl of Cork, Lord High Treasurer of Ireland, one of his Majesty's Privy Council, and one of his Majesty's Lords-Justices for the government of this kingdom, do commend these 'True Remembrances' to posterity this 23rd day of June, Anno Domini 1632, having lived in this Kingdom of Ireland full forty-four years, and so long after as it shall please God Almighty." After detailing his parentage, his birth in 1566, and a few other particulars, he proceeds : "After the decease of my father and mother, I, being the second son of a younger brother, having been a scholar in Bennett's College, Cambridge, and a student in the Middle Temple, London, finding my means unable to support me to study the laws in the Inns of Court, put myself into the service of Richard Manwood, Knight, Lord Chief Baron of her Majesty's Court of Exchequer, whom I served as one of his clerks ; and perceiving that the employment would not raise a fortune, *I resolved to travel into foreign lands, and to gain learning and knowledge and experience abroad in the world.* And it pleased the Almighty, by his Divine Providence, to take me, I may justly say, as it were by the hand, and lead me into Ireland, where I happily arrived at Dublin on the midsummer eve, the 23rd day of June, 1588." He then recounts his monetary and other resources—the former amounting to only £27 3s.—in a paragraph we have already quoted, and after mentioning his marriage with his first wife in 1595, and with her the acquisition of £500 a-year, and her and her child's death in 1599, and their burial at Buttevant, he thus goes on : "When God had blessed me with a reasonable fortune and estate, Sir Henry Wallop, of Wares, Sir Robert Gardiner, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Sir Robert Dillon, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Sir Richard Bingham, Chief Commissioner of Connaught, being displeased for some purchases I had made in the province, they all joined together by their lies, complaining against me to Queen Elizabeth, expressing that I came over without any estate or fortune, and that I had made so many purchases as it was not possible to do without some foreign prince's purse to supply me with money ; that I had acquired divers castles and abbeys upon the seaside fit to entertain and receive the Spaniards ; that I kept in my abbeys fraternities and convents of friars in their habits, who said Mass continually ; and that I was suspected in my religion, with divers other malicious suggestions. Whereof having some secret notice, I resolved to go into Munster, and so into England to justify myself ; but before I could take shipping, the general rebellion in Munster broke out, and all my lands were wasted. As I might say, I had not one penny of certain revenue left me, to the unspeakable danger and hazard of my life ; yet God preserved me ; as I reached Dingle, and got shipping there, which transported me to Bristol, from whence I travelled to London, and betook myself to my former chamber in the Middle Temple, intending to renew my studies in the law till the rebellion was passed over. Robert Earl of Essex was designed for the government of this kingdom, unto whose service I was recommended by Mr. Anthony Bacon, whereupon his lordship very nobly received me, and used me with favour and grace in employing me in issuing out his patent and commissions for the government of Ireland, whereof Sir Henry Wallop, Treasurer, having notice and being conscious in his own heart that I had sundry papers and collections of Michael Kettlewell, his late Under-Treasurer, which might discover a great deal of wrong and abuse done to the queen in his late accounts, and suspecting, if I were countenanced by the late Earl of Essex, that I would bring those things to light which might prejudice or ruin his reputation or estate, although *I vow to God, until I was provoked I had no thought of it ;* yet he, utterly to suppress me, renewed his former complaints against me to the queen's majesty. Whereupon, by her majesty's special direction, I was suddenly attacked and conveyed close prisoner to the gate-house,\* all my papers seized and searched, and although nothing could appear to my prejudice, yet my close restraint was continued till the Earl of Essex was gone to Ireland. Two months afterwards, with much suit, I obtained the favour of her sacred

\* So called from the purpose for which it was originally built in Edward the Third's reign. It was situated close to Westminster Hall, and was constituted prison for the Liberties of Westminster. Sir W. Raleigh was there imprisoned before his execution, and composed there his poem beginning, "Even such is time ;" as was also Lovelace, who wrote there the lines :—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage."

majesty to be present at my answers, when I so fully answered and cleared all their objections, and delivered such full and evident justifications for my own acquittal, as it pleased the queen to use these words, viz. : ' By God's death, these are but inventions against the young man, and all his sufferings are for being able to do us service, and those complaints urged to forestall him therein. But we find him a man to be employed by ourselves, and we will employ him in our service ; and Wallop and his adherents shall know that it shall not be in the power of any of them to wrong him ; neither shall Wallop be any longer our Treasurer.' " We are then told that on the spot the queen dismissed Wallop and appointed Sir George Carew, Treasurer in his stead, and a few days afterwards invited Richard Boyle to court, and, the narrative proceeds, " bestowed on me the office of Clerk of the Council of Munster ; whereupon I bought of Sir Walter Raleigh his ship, called "The Pilgrim," into which I took a freight of ammunition and victuals, and came in her myself by long seas, and arrived at Carrig-Foyle, Kerry, where the Lord President and the army were at the siege of that castle, which, when we had taken, I was there sworn as Clerk of the Council of Munster." He then states how, as Clerk of the Council, " I attended the Lord President in all his employments, and waited on him during all the siege of Kinsale, and was employed by his lordship to her majesty with the news of that happy victory." He next recounts his marvellous journey from Cork to London on the occasion of this mission : " I left my Lord President at Shandon Castle, near Cork, on the Monday morning, near two o'clock ; and the next day being Tuesday, I delivered my packet, and supped with Sir Robert Cecil at his house in the Strand : " that is to say, in the days when steam was not by sea or land, when roads were execrable, Richard Boyle traversed a distance in a shorter space of time than it could now be done with all our modern appliances. Richard sups familiarly with Cecil, and is introduced at cock-crow into the queen's bed-chamber, where her majesty, still a-bed, recognises him at once, gives him her hand to kiss, and, having read Carew's despatch, sends him back to Ireland freighted with her best wishes. Returned to Ireland, he finds Carew engaged about the siege of Dunboy, " which after battering we had made assaultable, we entered and put all to the sword. His lordship . . . having placed wardens on all places of importance, made his return to Cork, and on his way home made me acquainted with his resolution, it being presently to employ me into England, to obtain licence from her majesty for his repair to her royal presence, at which time he propounded unto me the purchase of all Sir Walter Raleigh's lands in Munster, offering me his best assistance for the compassing thereof, which he really performed. For, upon my departure for England, he wrote by me two effectual letters, one to Sir Robert Cecil, wherein he was pleased to magnify my service and abilities, and concluding with a request that he would make intercession with Sir Walter Raleigh to sell me all his lands in Ireland, that were then altogether waste and desolate. To Sir Walter Raleigh he also wrote, advising him to sell me all his lands in Ireland, then untenanted, and of no value to him ; mentioning withal that in his lordship's knowledge his estate in Ireland never yielded him any benefit, but contrariwise stood him in £200 yearly for the maintenance and support of his titles. Whereupon there was a meeting between Sir Robert Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh and myself, when Sir Robert mediated and concluded the purchase between us." He then describes his return to Ireland for the third time, his meeting with Carew in Dublin, the match-making of the latter on his behalf with Sir Geoffrey Fenton, his marriage contract with that gentleman's daughter on the 9th March, 1603, and his marriage with that lady on the 25th July following. On this occasion he was knighted by the Lord Deputy, strange to say, another Sir George Carew, who is often mistaken for the President of Munster, a mistake which has sometimes given rise to a good deal of confusion. He enumerates his numerous titles and the respective dates of their acquisition, tells full particulars of each of his fifteen children, and piously ejaculates : " The Great God of Heaven I do humbly and heartily beseech to bless all these my children, etc., which is the prayer and charge of me their father, in the sixty-seventh year of my age, 1632." He adds, in what reads like a postscript : " My dear wife, the crown of all my happiness and mother of all my children, Catharine Countess of Cork, was translated at Dublin from this life into a better, the 16th February, 1630. . . . In perpetual memory of which my virtuous and religious deceased wife, and of her predecessors and posterity, I have caused a very fair tomb to be erected, with a cave or cellar of hewed stone underneath it. I have purchased from the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's Church the inheritance of the upper part of the chancel, wherein the cave or cellar underground is made, and wherein the tomb is built, to be a burying-place for me and my posterity for ever."

We have now placed before our readers the whole of this precious document, most of it in the very words of the writer, and the rest without any curtailment or colouring of facts; and it is our duty to declare it little better than a work of fiction. It contains some grains of truth, heavily overlaid with falsehood. For instance, it is impossible that the scene depicted in the Star Chamber, or the very emphatic speech attributed to the queen, could ever have had any substantial existence. Lord Cork assigns for the date of these events two months after Essex's departure for Ireland, that is to say, June, 1599—for the Lord Lieutenant arrived at Dublin in the April of that year—but Sir Henry Wallop, the Treasurer, alleged to have been so summarily deposed and so ignominiously treated by the queen, was, at the time of the alleged deposition, some months dead, as we learn from the inscription on his memorial tablet in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and from other authentic sources. Moreover, we have no authority but Lord Cork's for the statement that he was ever deposed; on the contrary, it is positively stated, in the record of Sir Henry's life, given in Collins' Peerage, edited by Sir Egerton Bridges, that Sir Henry Wallop—ancestor of the present Lord Portsmouth—held the office of Vice-Treasurer and Treasurer of War in Ireland till his death, "which happened at Dublin the 14th April, 1599"—the very date assigned for his death on the tablet in St. Patrick's. The grains of truth in the statement respecting Wallop are the surreptitious procurement from Sir Henry's confidential servant, Kettlewell, of certain private documents, and their use by Boyle, from motives of revenge, to damage the character of his accuser. But we refuse to condemn Boyle's victim on this unsupported and interested testimony. That profound schemer knew well that

"A lie that is half a truth  
Is ever the blackest of lies,"

and he imported piebald statements, part true, part false, into his narrative with lavish profusion.

To take another matter mentioned as a fact in the memoir, Boyle says that he purchased a bark called "The Pilgrim" from Sir Walter Raleigh, freighted it with victuals and ammunition, and joined Carew when that officer was engaged with his army in the siege of Carrig-foyle Castle, in Kerry. The one grain of truth in this statement is, that Boyle first joined Carew about June, 1600—Carew was then at Carrig-foyle—and was then sworn in Clerk to the Council of Munster. Carrig-foyle was never besieged by Carew; it was surrendered without a blow. The statement in *Pacata Hibernia* (p. 120) is as follows: "He (the President) intended to draw the cannon to Carrig-foyle . . . but O'Connor Kerry being advertised thereof, desired a protection, and, for assurance of his future loyalty, offered to surrender his said castle, to be kept unto her majesty's use; his proffer the Lord President accepted, and a ward of Sir Charles Wilmot's company was placed therein." It is a remarkable circumstance that though Boyle was, from the middle of the year 1600 up to March, 1603, when Carew bid adieu to his provincial government, the chosen confidant of the Lord President, once only is any allusion made to the Clerk of the Council in the 700 pages of the "*Pacata*." That one allusion, however, is so pregnant with meaning, that we shall dwell on it for a few sentences. It will be remembered by the readers of

our article on Carew's career, that Elizabeth, in the October of 1600, liberated from the Tower the young Earl of Desmond, son of the great rebel who was slain in 1583, and despatched him to Ireland, with a view of detaching the Geraldines from the cause of the so-called Sugaun Earl. The young man had been brought up a Protestant and was now entrusted to Carew. We shall allow the author of the "*Pacata*" to tell the sequel: "It was thought by all men that the coming of this young lord to Ireland would have bred a great alteration in the province, and an absolute revolt of all the old followers of the House of Desmond from James Fitz-Thomas, but it proved of no such consequence; for the president, to make trial of the disposition and affection of the young earl's kindred and followers, at his desire consented that he should make a journey from Moyallo into the countie of Limerick, accompanied with the Archbishop of Cashell (the notorious Miles Magrath) and Master Boyle, Clearke of the Councell—a person whom the Lord President *did repose much trust and confidence in, and with whom he then communicated and advised about his most secret and serious affairs of that government.* And to Master Boyle his lordship gave secret charge, as well to observe the earle's waies and cariage, as what men of quality or others made addresse unto him." In other words, Boyle was employed as a spy on the young earl; and when we couple this fact with the other uncontested practices of Carew—his attempts at assassination, his bribery of Lady Margaret O'Connor, Lady Ellen M'Carthy, and the White Knight; his foul treachery towards M'Carthy More, and his purloining of the Spanish general's letters—we may form some judgment of the kind of work cut out for the man in whom he reposed trust and confidence, and with whom he communicated and advised about his most secret affairs of that government.

But to return for a short space to the "True Remembrances"—as to the remaining portion of the narrative, which deals with matters of fact that go to build up his reputation, and give an innocent complexion to equivocal acts, we are profoundly incredulous. It may or may not be true that he was the bearer of Carew's despatch, announcing to the queen the battle of Kinsale and the capitulation of the Spaniards; but we do not believe that he performed the journey from Cork to London in thirty-six hours, that he supped over-night with Cecil, or had an interview with Elizabeth at early morning in her majesty's bed-chamber; that he was received with tokens of joyful recognition, or given the royal hand to kiss; and though we do believe that, after the taking of Dunboy, he went to London in or about October, 1602—for we know the fact from independent sources—we are convinced that Cecil never took any part in concluding a bargain on his behalf for the so-called purchase of Raleigh's Irish estates, or in arbitrating between him and the latter as to the amount of the price. These circumstances are thrown in by the narrator in order to relieve him from the odium attaching to one of the chief iniquities of his life, his acquisition of Raleigh's immense estates for the nominal sum of £1,500, but in reality for the ridiculously small figure of £500. This was the crown of his fortunes; but the spectre of his injustice and of the Wallop accusations must have haunted him day and night, and been present to him whenever he matched a daughter with a peer of the realm, or a son with a fair heiress of an English noble. Therefore it was that, when in his old age he sat down to sketch a picture of his career, he laboured these two hideous features with the utmost care; on them he laid the most delicate tints, and put forth all his artistic powers. Hence, he invented the interview with the queen in

the presence of her council, to get rid of the Wallop scandal ; and the intervention and arbitration of Cecil, to get rid of the Raleigh incident. When he wrote, all the supposed actors save himself were dead. Elizabeth died in 1603, Cecil in 1612, Carew in 1629, and Raleigh perished in 1618. All the records of the real transactions were buried in the State Paper Offices, and nothing would be forthcoming to disturb the faith of an admiring posterity. Unfortunately, however, for his fame, of late years the long-buried treasures contained in the public archives have been brought to light, and from certain letters which are subjoined, it will be seen that Boyle's repute in England at the time when he fixes his most signal triumphs, was the very worst ; that the queen, so far from giving him her hand to kiss, held him in suspicion and dislike ; and that Cecil, so far from entertaining him at supper, or helping him to Raleigh's estate, looked upon him with contempt and loathing. We admitted that he went to England in October, 1602, after the taking of Dunboy ; we did so because the fact is vouched by a letter dated the 15th October, 1602, from Sir George Carew and the Council of Munster to the English Privy Council, and printed in the Calendar of the Carew Manuscripts. This letter, after recounting in detail Carew's exploits in Munster, and the measures taken for the pacification of Ireland, concludes thus :—

"Yet, seeing in the other parts of this realm, which seem to be near settled, many like offenders are taken in, for understanding your lordship's pleasure herein, we have purposely sent over to your lordships this bearer, Richard Boyle, clerk of the council established here, who, by his sufficiency and understanding of this country, is well able to give satisfaction in anything your lordship will be pleased to question him.

"Shandon Castle, 15th October, 1602."

In addition to this letter, Boyle was armed by Carew with two others : one to Sir John Stanhope and the other to Cecil, both men all but omnipotent at court, and both attached to Carew by the warmest ties of affection. These last-mentioned letters are not forthcoming, but we can guess their import from the replies which we here give, extracting them from the same invaluable collection. Sir John Stanhope writes to Sir George Carew, under date 2nd November, 1602, Richmond :—

"My honest Cousin,—Your letters be ever welcome to me, and, though I be slow in returning answer, yet it is neither neglect nor want of will to salute you ; but, I protest, not over fitted either with leisure or matter fit for you. For the lady, Florence M'Carthy's wife, something hath been done, but not to her satisfaction, nor *answerable to her merit*, as I conceive ; yet it is said it is proportionable with others of her quality, and conformable with the present state of the barrenness of this time. What more can be, I will endeavour may be done for her. For Boyle, there hath been great working against him, and many persons moved me to put me into it, by telling me you were tired of him and would give way to any such course ; but I was loth to intermeddle in that kind with any under your protection, and now he is come, am satisfied not only to deal myself, but to stop any other course against him I shall hear of."

Again, Sir John Stanhope writes, under date 19th December, 1602, Whitehall :—

"Sir,—I received your kind letter by your officer, Mr. Boyle, who hath been diversely assaulted here by such as would have shadowed their private malice with pretext of the queen's service, *who indeed was hardly incensed against him*. But their clamours ceasing to pursue him, *by some good course taken by himself and friends*, her majesty will, I think, easily both forget and let fall any hard conceit she had of him. Myself was as much pressed as anybody to incense the queen against him, the rather because the examination of his causes had been formerly referred to me. But the slight

proof I then saw produced against him, and your assertion of the trial you had made of him, made me unwilling to be made an instrument to *punish* one who perhaps *otherwise in sundry services* hath deserved well."

The next letter is from Sir Robert Cecil to Sir George Carew, and is dated from the Court at Whitehall, 22nd December, 1602. It is evidently a reply to one of which Boyle was the bearer, and so far as it bears upon him is as follows:—

"Although I have not heard more general imputation thrown upon any man than there hath been upon this bearer, yet, when it came to the point I saw no man that could or would object any particular. Nevertheless, because it is not easy to pull out of a prince's mind matter of accusation till there be some purgation, I have offered the queen from him thus much, that if any man shall hereafter come forth to charge him, he shall be ready to answer on any warning. This did a little stay her; but it is true that none of all this could have swayed her judgment if it had wanted your testimony, of whose discretion she is so well persuaded. I do, therefore, now return him to you better than he came in opinion of those that knew him not, which is much, I can tell you, in our world. And for myself, I must confess I have found him sufficient in all things wherein he hath dealt, and for your particular both diligent and affectionate."

What now becomes of the triumphal acquittal on the Wallop charges? To Sir John Stanhope "the examination of his causes had been formerly referred," who "then saw slight proof produced against him," in consequence, probably, "of some good course taken by himself and his friends." What becomes of the queen's speech, beginning, "By God's death;" her dismissal of Wallop and appointment of Boyle? What of the interview in her bed-chamber, and of the giving him her hand to kiss? What of the supper with Cecil and the bargain on Boyle's behalf made by that statesman with Raleigh? We have no doubt that the real facts were these: Boyle, the deputy-escheator, was accused of theft, forgery and the taking of bribes by the highest Irish officials; that he sought safety in flight, and was, after a time, caught and imprisoned in London; that his chief accuser, Sir Henry Wallop, having died in April, 1599, and he and his friends having adopted certain "good courses" towards all adverse witnesses, he demanded an investigation; that Sir John Stanhope, to whom the case had been referred in the absence of the prosecutor and of the principal witnesses, acquitted and discharged him with a caution. At the first meeting of the British Archæological Association, held at Canterbury—Boyle's birthplace—in 1844, Crofton Croker read a critical *Examination of the Autobiography of Richard Boyle*. The following is an extract from page 311 of the proceedings of the Association, published in 1845, and of which only fifty copies were printed:—

"The paper was compiled from documents with which he (C. Croker) had been favoured by a gentleman present, W. S. Fitch, Esq., of Ipswich, and partly from the parish records of St. Paul's, Canterbury. He compared the autobiography of that notorious nobleman with other cotemporary authorities, and showed that he was by no means the honest and good man described by himself and his friends. . . . In a cotemporary manuscript all his shameful doings are related—such as his forgeries, his perjuries, his treachery, his rebellion, and a number of other offences against the laws of God and man. The following observations—the summary of the paper read proceeds—must suffice for all the details: 'In vain has Lord Cork reared stately monuments in the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick's, Dublin, in the Collegiate Church of Youghal, and in the county of Kent, at Preston, near Faversham, so as to impress posterity with an exalted idea of his piety and worth. The voice of truth and history will be listened to, and, being once heard, must triumph.'"

Crofton Croker edited, in 1848, for the Percy Society, the "Autobiography of Mary Countess of Warwick, sixth daughter and fourteenth child of the Earl of Cork, and Catharine Fenton"—as delightful a little work as ever emanated from woman's pen, and that is saying a great deal. In note (2), appended at page 40, we find the following passage:—

"The editor publicly examined the correctness of these 'True Remembrances,' in the historical section of the first meeting of the British Archæological Association at Canterbury, 13th September, 1844, and he thinks succeeded in showing that Lord Cork's biography was a complete work of fiction."

We now come to the most important act of Lord Cork's life, his purchase of Sir Walter Raleigh's Irish estates. We confess that the transaction, as it is at present revealed, is inexplicable; for we utterly reject the statement in the "True Remembrances," that Cecil



negotiated between the parties, and by his arbitration settled the price. What is the price stated? £1,500. What was the thing purchased? Forty-two thousand acres of arable land, besides bogs and mountains; the two towns of Youghal and Lismore; the exclusive right of fishery in the Blackwater, from Lismore to the sea; about twenty church livings; vast forests of valuable timber; and iron mines, which alone are said to have produced for Lord Cork £100,000. Cox first put forward the assertion, adopted without enquiry by all subsequent writers, both English and Irish, except Gibson, that the grant to Raleigh out of the Desmond forfeitures amounted to only twelve thousand acres; but the terms of the crown grant have been, within the last few years, published in the Calendar of State Papers; and as this document speaks for itself, and discloses the cause of the error committed by Cox, we give the following extract from its contents; we quote from the Calendar of Patent Rolls of Ireland, *temp. Eliz.*, p. 323:—

"The queen, desirous of having the province of Munster, in the realm of Ireland, re-peopled and inhabited with civil, loyal and dutiful subjects, in consideration of the great charge and trouble which Sir Walter Raleigh sustained in transporting and planting English people into the province, and in recompense of his good service rendered in Ireland, pursuant to her royal letters, dated the last of February, 1586, to the Lord Deputy and Lord Chancellor directed, and intending to bestow upon him three seignories and a-half of land, devolved to the Crown by the attainder of the Earl of Desmond and other rebels in the counties of Cork and Waterford, lying as near the town of Youghal as they may conveniently, *each seignory containing 12,000 acres of tenantable land*, not accounting mountains, bog, or barren heath, grants to him the said Sir Walter . . . . And as the measured lands do not contain as many acres as will make up three seignories and a-half, her majesty grants to Sir Walter the lands following . . . . The Lord Deputy is instructed to issue a commission to measure the lands hereinbefore expressed which have not been before measured, and so much of the lands escheated of the late Patrick Condon, next adjoining the Sheane; the lands lying near Imokilly, next adjoining Ahanenna, *alias* White's Island; and other lands adjacent to the measured lands, as shall be requisite to make up the full number and quantity of *three seignories and a-half* of tenantable land (each seignory, be it remembered, containing 12,000 acres), without mountains, bogs, or barren heath."

If we wanted further proof of the extent (42,000 acres) of the grant to Raleigh, it is furnished by the following passage from Carte's "Life of the Duke of Ormond." At page 67, vol. i., that historian writes:—

"Richard Earl of Cork was the richest subject in the kingdom, and allied to the greatest families in it. He had lately, in conjunction with his son-in-law, the Lord Chancellor Loftus, been for several years entrusted with the government of Ireland, and was still Lord Treasurer, great in power, and greater in reputation for his prudence, sagacity, and experience. He had raised a vast estate by the improvement he had made on 42,000 acres of land in the county of Cork, which he had purchased of Sir Walter Raleigh."

Again, we may form some idea of the immense territory acquired by Lord Cork—chiefly from Raleigh—by the complaint made to the English Privy Council of the injury inflicted on the crown revenue by the profligate grants made to private individuals; in illustration of which it is stated that the particulars of the parcels of land for which Boyle was then "passing patents," covered a roll of parchment reaching 16 yards in length.\* Let the reader picture to himself the floor of a gallery, 48 feet by 3; covered by the names of townlands, and he shall be able to form an adequate notion of the extent of territory Boyle purchased for, he alleges, the sum of £1,500.

Or, to take another test, read Lord Cork's own testimony, conveyed to Lord New-

\* Cab State. Papers, Ireland, 1610.



borough, the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer, and quoted in Oldy's "Life of Raleigh," p. 358 :—

"Thus" (writes the earl, on the morrow after the breaking out of the rebellion of '41), "your lordship sees in what miserable condition we are fighting night and day, to preserve ourselves and our castles ; for all we had out-doors is lost, and poor I, that, besides my house, demesnes, parks, ironworks, fishings, and other commodities, had a revenue of £50 per diem, cannot now truly say that I have £50 per annum in certain revenue."—*Ms. Harl.*

Lady Warwick, in her biography, states her father's income from the rent of land alone to have been £20,000 a-year, thus nearly coinciding with Lord Cork's account in the foregoing letter ; and we must remember that, owing to the fall in the value of money, £20,000 of the time when Lady Warwick wrote, means nearly four times that amount of coin of the same denomination at the present day.

Yet one more test, and we close this part of the subject. We must bear in mind that, besides the vast estates in the south of Ireland, now so admirably administered by the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Cork bequeathed ample territories to each of his three sons, the Earl of Orrery, Lord Shannon, and the Honourable Robert Boyle, and that by far the largest part of all these possessions came to him through his purchase from Raleigh.

No doubt, Sir Walter was a man of high aims, and raised above all sordid views. Grant that he was a poet, philosopher, and historian ; a statesman, warrior, and seaman ; and in each of these walks supereminent. Grant, too, that he had an imagination to conceive, judgment to control, a heart to undertake, and a hand to carry through the most extraordinary enterprises ; that he was one, in short, who might have suggested to Shakespeare, who knew him well,\* Hotspur's speech :—

"By Heavens ! methinks it were an easy leap  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,"

yet was he no fool in money matters. He was eminently practical. He introduced the potato, and what Spenser calls "divine tobacco,"† the necessary and the luxury of the poor man, into Ireland ; he knew perfectly well the latent resources of the territories he was about to sell, and the sale was agreed to, though not completed, at the close of Elizabeth's reign, when he held the post of undisputed favourite. We may, therefore, refuse to believe, on the unsupported testimony of Lord Cork, that the amount of purchase-money agreed to be paid by the latter was only £1,500. We believe, on the contrary, that if a cipher were added to that sum, the result would fall far short of the stipulated amount. The facts were these :—Lord Cork paid down £500 on the spot in order to clinch the bargain, and agreed to pay the balance, whatever it was, upon the execution of the deeds of conveyance. Before that time arrived, however, Elizabeth had died, and James suc-

\* Raleigh instituted the Mermaid Club in Friday-street, and there used to meet Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, and Ben Jonson. See Gifford's "Life of Jonson," pp. 65, 66.

† "Fairie Queen." B. 3, can. 5, st. 32.

ceeded; Raleigh was tried and infamously found guilty of treason, and all his real and personal property—the debt due by Lord Cork among the rest—became forfeit to the crown. It was then that Lord Cork alleged that there was only £1,000 due to Raleigh, who had no object in contradicting the statement. Richard Boyle had interest enough to procure a royal acquittance for the £1,000, and, in the year 1604, a grant, by patent from King James, of all the lands which he had purchased, as he alleged, for £1,500. We have little doubt but that this is the true account of the acquisition by Lord Cork of the Raleigh estates, and we are borne out in this conjecture by the letter written by his lordship, long after Raleigh's judicial murder, to the latter's orphan son, a letter given in full from the Lismore collection by Mr. Gibson, at p. 31, vol. ii., of his history. It is too long for insertion here, and we, therefore, confine our extract to the opening sentence. The letter is dated 16th January, 1631, and runs thus:—

“Honourable Sir,—I received letters from you of the 11th November, 1630, whereunto I made you a present answer, and in those my letters did represent unto you the infinite trouble and charge that your lady-mother”—the once beautiful Elizabeth Throgmorton—“and yourself did undeservedly, without any just grounds, by unnecessary suits, drawn upon me when I was in England, which I shall not thoroughly recover these many years . . . . The sum that he and I agreed upon was really paid,” etc.

If we got an account of these English suits carried on by Carew, Raleigh, and his lady-mother, we should, we may rest assured, be in possession of the clue to the mystery of which we have just offered a conjectural solution.

Though there could be no greater contrast than that presented by the characters of Raleigh and Boyle, the two men agreed in one important matter, namely, the policy of extermination to be pursued in regard to the native Irish. But their motives and method differed essentially. Raleigh was actuated by a love of England and hatred of Spain; Boyle, by a love of the forfeited estates and a fear of the dispossessed proprietors. Raleigh's method was war, open and declared, reckless exposure of his own person, and dare-devil feats of arms worthy of the Knights of the Round Table; Boyle, on the other hand, was for covert guile—and broke the hearts of opponents by legal chicane, writs, inquests, and commissions of enquiry. If, of the Irish Pandemonium which they both helped to create, Raleigh was the Lucifer, not “less than archangel ruined,” Boyle was assuredly the Mammon, “the least erected spirit that fell from heaven.” Raleigh had, as is testified by his writings, not meant for publication or to mislead, a strong religious sense; Boyle was a political Protestant, as he would have been a political Catholic if self-interest required; but we verily believe he never learned to distinguish the Thirty-nine Articles from the Ten Commandments, nor the chancel of a church from the sacristy. One article of the old law he adhered to unflinchingly: he never failed to exact an eye for an eye, or a tooth for a tooth. One branch of religious asceticism he endeavoured to enforce by peculiar methods: he reduced the clergy of entire districts—save

the Boyle bishops, of whom more anon—to apostolic poverty, by a wholesale appropriation to his own use of ecclesiastical revenues.

Richard Boyle came to Ireland, as we have seen, in 1588; he had attended Carew whilst that official was carrying out the process of pacification which is detailed in the *Pacata Hibernia*. Elizabeth was dead, James on the throne, the purchase from Raleigh had been ratified by a patent, and now, in 1604, he has attained the haven of rest and relief from civil war. His life extended to September, 1643, the close of the second year of the great rebellion of '41; so that he lived through the Tyrone rebellion, and well into the period of the civil war which culminated in the supremacy of Cromwell. The interval of forty years were spent by Boyle in unceasing activity. He built towns, planted woods, opened mines, established iron manufactures, and colonized his vast estates by Protestants imported from England. His domestic achievements during this period were not less conspicuous. He brought over two sisters, one of whom he married to Sir Pierce Power, and the other to Smith, of Ballintrae. He imported his eldest brother, and obtained for him the bishopric of Cork and Cloyne, with Ross *in commendam*. Upon his brother's death he procured the post for his cousin-german, Richard, who was afterwards translated to the archbishopric of Tuam; and another cousin, Michael, he placed, by royal favour, in the united dioceses of Waterford and Lismore.

It may be here remarked, as will be found by reference to Cotton's *Fasti Hibernie Ecclesie*, that it was long before the Boyle strain was worn out in the ecclesiastical pedigree. In 1660 another Michael, the son of Richard above named, was consecrated Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, was afterwards translated to Dublin, subsequently to Armagh and the primacy, and made Chancellor of Ireland. This bishop's son was created Viscount Blessington, thus adding another peerage to the Boyle family. Of Michael, first cousin of our Richard, and Bishop of Waterford, we are furnished a portrait by the master-hand of Laud, which is too good to be passed over unnoticed. Laud, writing to Strafford on the 30th April, 1603,\* after commenting on other matters, thus treats of the imported bishop:—

“The next is a particular business concerning St. John's College, Oxford, to which college Dr. Michael Boyle, now Bishop of Waterford, is indebted £35, as appears by a note under Dr. Juxon's hand, then president of the college, which I herewith deliver to your lordship. I presume he cannot be so unworthy as to deny the debt. If he be, I here send your lordship the bond itself which he entered to the college, according to course, when he was made fellow; and two letters which himself sent to me when I was president, acknowledging the debt and desiring forbearance.” At p. 240 we find Laud again writing:—

“I have known the Bishop of Waterford long, and when he lived in the college, he would have done anything or sold any man for sixpence. It seems he carried the same mind with him into Ireland, by which means Lismore and Youghal have fared never the better for him. The Bishop of Waterford was ever full of jests, and would at any time lose a friend rather than lose it. But a passing good jest it was that he brake

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\* “Letters and Despatches of Strafford,” p. 212, vol. i. We may here mention that we quote from the edition by Knowles, 1739, and that though we speak of Strafford and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, strictly speaking, we should use instead, “Lord Wentworth” and “Lord Deputy;” for it was not until Christmas, 1639, that the latter was created Earl and Lord Lieutenant.

upon him (Lord Cork), and as like him as could be. I could find in my heart to forgive him some errors, so he would petition me about Lismore; but it is so easy a thing for the earl (of Cork) to keep him from it, that I shall not believe he will do it till it be done; for if the earl will find him with a little money, farewell Lismore, and the petition, too."

In order to understand the allusion to Lismore in the foregoing extract, the reader should be informed that the manor and town of Lismore belonged, of right, to Bishop Michael's see, but had been fraudulently alienated some years before by a previous bishop, the notorious Miles Magrath. Laud, Strafford, and King Charles greatly desiderated the recovery of this patrimony of the Church, but it was found impossible to get Bishop Michael to move in the matter against his cousin Richard, the earl, who was in possession of the spoil. Later on, Bishop Atherton, Michael's successor in the see, endeavoured to re-claim the property, but he perished in the attempt, done to a shameful death, unless common fame grossly belies the noble lord, by the great Earl of Cork. This last charge is too terrible not to be supported by authority. Carte, who derives his knowledge from the Ormond papers, and writes with no bias against the earl, has the following at page 67, vol. i., of his life of the Great Duke.

"But no man's greatness could protect him from the inquisitions of the Lord Deputy (Wentworth), who, in obedience to his master's orders, and out of his own zeal for the Church, wrung from the earl (of Cork) about £2,000 a-year in great tithes, which, for want of incumbents upon livings, and by disorder and corruption of the times, he had got into his possession, and turned into impropriations. Nor did he stop here; but, as the earl was possessed of the manors of Lismore and Ardmore, and of other lands, formerly and of right belonging to the see of Waterford and Lismore, and of £700 a-year belonging to the see of Youghal (? Cork), the Lord Deputy meditated a prosecution for the recovery of these to the Church. He had no private interest in the affair, and yet it was the first occasion of that mortal hatred which the earl ever afterwards bore him, and had too unhappy an opportunity of showing at his trial. The Earl of Cork compounded afterwards, on the 27th June, 1637, for the lands of the see of Waterford, by giving back Ardmore to the Church; but Bishop Atherton, suing for the rest, and being well qualified by his talents and spirit to go through with the suit, fell (as there is too much reason to think) a sacrifice to that litigation, rather than to justice, when he suffered for a pretended crime of a secret nature, made felony in this parliament upon the testimony of a single witness, who deserved no credit. . . . The bishop was executed in December, 1640, in a season when everything was encouraged that could throw scandal on that order of men and render episcopacy odious. The fellow who swore against him, when he came to be executed for his own crimes, confessed at the gallows that he had falsely accused him."

This horrible charge against Lord Cork is reiterated by Dr. Ryland, in his "History of Waterford," and alluded to by the Rev. Mr. Gibson, in his "History of Cork," with the comment that it was to be regretted that Dr. Ryland had not given his authority for the charge. In the above extract from Carte, we have, we think, satisfactorily supplied Dr. Ryland's omission, and traced it back to the Ormond manuscripts. We may here conclude what we have room to say of Strafford in his relations with the Earl of Cork, whilst the extract from Carte is still fresh in the reader's memory. In January, 1632, Lord Wentworth was made Lord Deputy for Ireland. He was then in his thirty-ninth year, and had shortly before buried his second wife. Lord Cork, who was at this time one of the Lords Justices, was greatly troubled by the appointment of the man who was to supersede him, and whose stern character he thoroughly appreciated. He had recourse to a familiar manoeuvre: he knew the powerful influence of family ties; and he had an unmarried daughter, in his eyes marriageable, of the age of twelve years, the Lady Mary Boyle, afterwards Countess of Warwick. A deputation, consisting of Lord Dungarvan, the earl's eldest son, and Lord Ranelagh, the earl's son-in-law, waited on Wentworth, to propose a marriage between the mature widower and the immature maiden. Probably this will be news to most people; but we have it on the indubitable testimony of Strafford himself, who thus writes to Lord Mountnorris, under date, York, 19th August, 1633:—"My Lord Ranelagh will be here, I believe, within this day or two; and with regard to his and my Lord Dungarvan's being here before, I hold it fit to communicate with your lordship the occasion, which is this, *that there being a proposition made to me for a marriage with my Lord of Cork's daughter, I, that had no thought such a way, did, nevertheless, move a match betwixt my young lord and my Lord Clifford's daughter* . . . But this I must intreat you to keep silent."—Vol. i., p. 74.

We regret that want of space forbids our quoting more extracts from the Strafford Correspondence. It is a *mélange* of the grave and the gay. Here the dignified Laud "pokes fun" at his collaborateur, Strafford; there Strafford retorts the joke. In another place we have pages of interesting gossip from Gartlan, followed by a long exposition of the affairs of Ireland, by Strafford, for the king and his council. Both Laud and Strafford were evidently, in the words of the immortal Samivel, "a-twigging of old Richard." Little deemed they that they were handling a viper which would turn, and sting them to death. Suffice it to say, that Strafford prosecuted Lord Cork in the Castle Chamber—the Irish equivalent for the English Star Chamber—a perfectly legal, though thoroughly unconstitutional tribunal, and forced him to disgorge some of his ill-gotten gains, in the shape of a fine of £15,000 to the king, and of 2,000 marks, about £1,500 per annum, in favour of the Church. We must pass over much, and come to the closing scene in Strafford's career.

He was impeached, and the fourth article against him states, "that Richard Earl of Cork having sued out process of law for recovery of his possession, from which he was put by color of an order made by the said Earl of Strafford and the Council Table of the said realm of Ireland, the said Earl of Strafford, upon a paper petition, without legal proceedings, did, the 20th day of February, in the 11th year of his now majestie's reign, threaten the said Earl of Cork (being then a peer of the said realm) to imprison him, unless he would surcease his suit, and said that he would have neither law nor lawyers dispute or question any of his orders," etc.\* The article goes on at some length, but it is unnecessary to quote further. The whole is evidently inspired by Lord Cork, and was supported by Lord Cork's evidence. We know the result. Lord Cork has noted in his Diary the taking off of his victim's head, and has appended the observation that "no one ever died more detested." On the other hand, we have the record of Strafford's all but last words in two letters—both written from the Tower: one to his friend, Sir Adam Loftus, Treasurer-at-War for Ireland, and dated in February, 1641, immediately after the bill of attainder, mainly founded on Lord Cork's adverse testimony, had passed the two Houses, of which the following is the opening sentence: "*Old Richard* hath sworn against me gallantly; and thus battered and blown on all sides"—vol. ii., p. 415; the other dated the 11th May, 1641, being the eve of his execution, and addressed to his only son. The following is the only extract we can give from a document, every word of which deserves perusal, and may be laid to heart, side by side with the dying words of the first Christian martyr:—

"Sweet Will, be sure to avoid as much as you can to enquire after those that have been sharp in their judgments towards me, and I charge you never to suffer thoughts of revenge to enter your heart. But be careful to be informed who were my friends in this prosecution, and to them apply yourself to make them your friends also, and on such you may rely, and bestow much of your conversation amongst them"—p. 417.

We turn with distaste, but turn we must, from the murdered Strafford to one of the chief among his murderers, the Earl of Cork. We have space, indeed, only for a few salient points in his character and conduct in his domestic and private relations, culled almost at random from a mass of rich materials. And first, if we regard him as one of the band of English adventurers who came over in Elizabeth's time, we must admit him to have been by far the most successful specimen of his class, the one of all others who completely fulfilled the conditions of his tenure. We can here mention only a few instances in proof. The duty of uprooting all Papists, and locating in their stead English Protestants, he performed with the most scrupulous and inflexible exactitude. Cox mentions that, at the breaking out of the rebellion of '41, he had 10,000 substantial Protestants on his estates. The town of Bandon is a monument of his labours in this direction; he laid it out and fortified it at an expense of £14,000, equivalent to

\* See Depositions, etc., against Strafford, 1640, Haliday's Pamphlets, R. I. A.

at least £40,000 at the present day. He rigorously enforced the edict which was at one time engraved on the walls of his sacred city, and truly expressed his religious convictions, "Turk, Jew, and Atheist may enter here, but not a Papist." Protestant alms-houses, Protestant schools for the old and young respectively, powder and ball for the able-bodied Protestant males, the Bible and spinning-wheel for the Protestant females—all were introduced, and flourished under his active superintendence. He thoroughly understood the capabilities of his adopted country, and no one ever strove to develop its resources with greater success. To take one instance alone. He became a master manufacturer of iron. Gerald Boate, the author of the very remarkable pamphlet written in 1645, from which we have already quoted, tells us the result.

"The Earl of Cork," he says, "whose iron works being seated in Munster, afforded him very good opportunities of sending his iron out of the land by shipping, did in this particular surpass all others, so that he hath gained great treasure thereby; and knowing persons who have had a particular insight into his affairs do assure me, that he hath profited above £100,000 clear gain by his iron works."

And Lord Arthur Chichester, the Lord Deputy, writing to Cecil, Lord Salisbury, on the 12th December, 1610, describes Sir Richard Boyle as "being the best skilled and enabled to carry such a business" (the manufacture of iron) "of any man in this kingdom." His woods were equal objects of his care, and the same enlightened spirit guided, and similar success rewarded his efforts in that direction. In a word, it may be said that Lord Cork introduced busy industry, active life, prosperity and plenty, in districts which had been wasted and made desolate. He should have earned the title of benefactor of his species and deservedly the epithet of "Great," but for the one fatal mistake which was at the foundation of all his work, and caused what seemed a fair, substantial structure to prove no more stable than a house of cards. The next generation saw all his improvements disappear; his son and heir became Lord Lieutenant of Yorkshire, owner, through his wife, of a fine estate in England, and (word of ill-omen!) an Irish absentee. The only lasting legacy bequeathed to us by Lord Cork was sectarian rancour: the effects have survived to our own times, and are only now passing away.

We have to add a few words on Lord Cork's character as head of a household and father of a family. In the former capacity he was the personification of order, discipline and well-regulated hospitality. "The form for the government of the Earl of Cork's family at Stallbridge," drawn up in his own handwriting, and printed at the close of Lady Warwick's biography, is a model for masters and mistresses of the present day. As a father of a family, we have his portrait drawn by two unexceptionable witnesses—the Honourable Robert Boyle, who tells us how he brought up his sons; and the Countess of Warwick, who gives us an insight into his peculiar treatment of his daughters. He had, in all, sixteen children—eight sons and eight daughters. Three of the former died in infancy; all the latter survived him. His object with regard to the former seems to have been to train them up, by a university education, foreign travel, and the practice of all manly and martial exercises, to make a figure in the world. His object with regard to the latter was to get them married to peers, or the eldest sons of peers. The following is the testimony of the famous Robert Boyle, to which we have just referred. It must be premised that he writes in the third person, and under the somewhat pedantic name of Philaretus:—

"When once Philaretus (Robert Boyle) was able, without danger, to support the incommodities of a remove, his father, who had a perfect aversion for *their* fondness who used to breed their children so nice and tenderly, that a hot sun or a good shower of rain as much endangers them as if they were made of butter or of sugar, sends him away from home, and commits him to the care of a country nurse, who, by early inuring him by slow degrees to a coarse, but cleanly diet, and to the usual passions of the air, gave him so vigorous a complexion that both hardships were made easy to him by custom, and the delights of convenience and ease were endeared to him by their rarity." Philaretus pays a visit to his father, the earl, at his manor-house of Stallbridge, in Dorsetshire—for Lord Cork had made purchases also in England—and thus describes his reception:—"The good old earl welcomed him very kindly, for whether it were to the custom of old people (as Jacob doted much on Benjamin and Joseph) to give their eldest children the largest proportion of their fortunes, but the youngest the greatest share of their affections; to a likeness in Philaretus, both to his father's body and to his mind; or, as it seems most likely, to his never having lived with his father to an age that might much tempt him to run in debt, and take such other courses to provoke his dislike, as in his elder children he severely disrelished—to which of these causes the effect is to be ascribed, it is not my task to resolve, but certain it is that from Philaretus'



birth until his father's death, he ever continued very much his favourite." We need no apology for citing the foregoing unique piece of domestic narrative from the famous pen of Robert Boyle. Nor were Lord Cork's sons mere holiday soldiers. At the battle of Liscarrol, so disastrous to the Confederate Irish, three of Lord Cork's sons, Lords Kenalmeaky and Broghil, and Francis Boyle, afterwards Lord Shannon, and also his son-in-law, Lord Barrimore, were engaged in the hottest of the fight, and took a conspicuous part in ensuring victory to the parliamentary forces. There, too, Lord Kenalmeaky perished by a chance shot, and Francis Boyle, at the risk of life, rescued his brother's corpse from the hands of his enemies; and there, too, Lord Broghil took one of his earliest lessons in blood-shedding, wherein he became in after years so expert a proficient.

From war to lady-love is but a step; so we pass without apology to a few extracts from the autobiography of the Countess of Warwick, the youngest daughter but one, as Robert Boyle was the youngest son of the Earl of Cork:—

"I was born November the 8th, 1625. . . . My mother died when I was about three years old, and some time after . . . I was sent by him to a prudent and virtuous lady, my Lady Claytone, who . . . grew to make so much of me as if she had been an own mother to me. Under her government I remained at Mallow till I was, I think, about eleven years old, and then my father called me. . . . Soon after my father removed to Stallbridge; and there, when I was about thirteen or fourteen years of age, came down to me one Mr. Hamilton, son to my Lord Clanciboyes, who was afterwards Earl of Clanbrassell, and would fain have had me for his wife. My father and his had, some years before, concluded a match between us. . . . Now he returned out of France, and received from my father a very kind welcome, looking upon him as his son-in-law; and designing suddenly we should be married, with a command to me to receive him as one designed to be my husband. Mr. Hamilton . . . professed a great passion for me . . . my aversion for him was extraordinary, though I could give my father no satisfactory account why it was so . . . my father showing high displeasure; but though I was in much trouble about it, yet I could never be brought, either by fair or foul means, to it, so as my father was at least forced to break it off." The fair biographer then gives an account of Mr. Rich's surreptitious courtship, Mr. Rich being only second son of my Lord Warwick, and heir to but £1,300 a-year, and of how she responded to his passion. Never was tale of true love better told. Her father discovers the situation of affairs through "Lady Staford, a cunning old woman, who had been herself too much and too long versed in amours," is furious, and forbids her his presence. The narrative thus proceeds: "But after some time he was persuaded by the great esteem he had for my Lord of Warwick and my Lord of Holland, to yield to treat with them, and was at last brought, though not to give me my before-designed portion, yet to give me seven thousand pounds, and was brought to see and be civil to Mr. Rich, who was a constant visitor of me at Hampton almost daily; but he was the only person I saw, for my own family came not to me; and thus I continued there for about ten weeks, when I was at last, by my Lord of Warwick and my Lord Goring, led into my father's chamber, and there, upon my knees, humbly begged his pardon, which, after he had with great justice severely chid me, he bid me rise, and was, by my Lord of Warwick's and my Lord Goring's intercession, reconciled to me."

The lady in her sixteenth year—if she be correct in her statement of the date of her birth—was shortly afterwards married to young Rich, who, all lovers of proprieties will rejoice to hear, became in the sequel, by the death of his elder brother, Earl of Warwick. Richard Boyle, the subject of our sketch, was created Baron Youghal in 1613; and Viscount Dungarvan and Earl Cork in 1620. His second and third sons, Louis and Roger, were made peers in infancy, their patents reciting, as the cause of this unusual distinction, the eminent services rendered by their father as an undertaker.

Lord Cork chose for his motto, "God's providence is my inheritance." If we admit its truth, it can only be by interpreting the word "God" in the sense it bears in Spenser's lines,—

God of the world and worldlings, I me call,  
Great Mammon, greatest god below the sky.\*

THOMAS GALLWEY.

\* "Fairie Queen." Bk. ii., can. 7, st. 8.



## THE WATCHING NUN.

She kneels. Her face is bright and calm,  
 As angels stay their feet,  
 To catch the high and gen'rous vow  
 In accents firm and sweet,  
 And scarcely deem the words of earth  
 For crowned saints above,  
 Through all the shining courts of Heaven  
 Breathe like pure words of love ;  
 As girt by gentle sisterhood,  
 She kneels before Thy shrine,  
 And vows to be, through life, through death,  
 Thine, Lord ! and only Thine.

When the eyes of morn, in all their depths,  
 Fill with the rising sun,  
 Through the slender chapel-lattices  
 They smile on the watching nun ;  
 And oft, when azure deep on deep  
 With large soft stars is sown,  
 One hallowed moonlight crowns her head,  
 And crowns, dear Lord ! Thy throne.  
 She heeds not—blinded by Thy love,  
 She heeds but Thee alone.

On through the sacred watches,  
 Through storm and gloom of night,  
 Her soul, like a lamp of the altar,  
 Yieldeth its fragrant light.  
 And if tears pass over her shining gaze,  
 Would I such tears could shed !—  
 Tears which spring from the wells of love,  
 Tears which quench the chast'ning fires,  
 For some beloved dead ;  
 Tears which the angels gather,  
 That this Bride of Christ may wear  
 These heart-gems pure and fair,  
 Placed by the sacred Bridegroom  
 As a coronet round her head.

Hasten, oh ! priest, the soft eve falls ;  
 The strange deep sweetness grows  
 On heart and face, as when a day  
 Of summer nears its close,

And beautifully curve the hills,  
And richer scents the rose.  
The sacred night is closing down,  
Sweeter her soul's pure breath,  
And a wistful light shines in her glance,  
The evening star of Death.  
Come with the last bright ointment—  
For the lips which spoke but love,  
For the eyes worn dim with yearning  
To gaze on the Face above ;  
There are angels round thy pathway ;  
There are unseen hands with flowers  
Which never bloomed on earthly fields,  
Nor drank our earthly showers.  
Come ! God's own stately acolytes  
Will meekly go before ;  
Come with the Lord, she sought so oft,  
Whom she may seek no more,  
And whisper soft confiteors  
And admonitions meet,  
Thanksgivings glowing into love,  
And absolutions sweet.  
Come ! lights burn round the Crucifix—  
E'er soul and body part,  
On the virgin heart which watched with God,  
Lay thou God's Sacred Heart.

They chanted soothing Requiems,  
And many tears were shed,  
And through the tranquil morns of spring,  
Among the flowers, the bright birds sing  
Sweetly above her head.  
And afar upon the eternal shore,  
With the angels' harmony,  
Her voice ascends :—" For evermore,  
Dear Lord, I watch with Thee."

G. E.



## THE MOORES OF MOORE'S COURT.

BY DENIS F. HANNIGAN.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

CHARLES CALLANAN had noticed of late, with deep anxiety, that, while his father's manner had become kinder and more considerate than before, his mind seemed to be overshadowed by a dark cloud of sorrow. He rarely smiled, and, whenever he was addressed, replied with an air of abstraction, as if his thoughts were far away. Even the energy which hitherto had never failed him in his commercial pursuits, now seemed to be waning fast. He spent only about an hour each day in his office; and even there he seemed incapable of concentrating his attention on whatever he happened to be engaged at, for he would stop while reading a letter or overlooking some accounts, and, leaning his head upon his hand, heave a deep sigh. It appeared, indeed, as if some hidden trouble were preying on his spirit and embittering his whole existence.

Charles sometimes fancied that Ellie's death might be the cause of this mental suffering; but when he saw with what calm resignation his father always alluded to that event, he began to think that he had been mistaken in his conjecture. In his eagerness to solve the mystery, he recalled some of those strange expressions used on one memorable night, which had often filled him with astonishment. He remembered the fierce language in which his father had denounced Sir Valentine Moore, and the intense bitterness with which he had then, and on every other occasion, referred to that family. How exultingly he had spoken of the prospect of their ruin! How jealously he had heard Frank Moore praised, and how vehemently he had retorted that it was impossible for any of the Moores to be either generous or good! Surely there must be something in all this which had its root in some dark memory of the past—some dire calamity which could never be forgotten!

At last he resolved to question his father, and, if possible, discover the source of so much anguish of mind. One night, father and son sat together before the fire in the parlour; Mr. Callanan staring moodily into the red coals, as if he saw in them some picture of the future, and Charles looking into his father's face with painful curiosity.

At length he ventured to break the silence.

"Father," he said, "I am afraid there is some secret trouble which is making your life very unhappy. I see that you are carrying some burden within your breast too heavy, perhaps, for

one human heart to bear. Can I do anything to cheer or relieve your mind?"

Mr. Callanan appeared deeply touched, but he only shook his head sorrowfully, and did not reply.

Charles, suddenly grasping his father's hand, said, with great emotion:—

"Let us not be to one another as strangers, father! Do you think that I could be indifferent to anything that affects your happiness? Believe me, it gives me real pain to think that you look upon me with distrust."

The stern expression of Mr. Callanan's face relaxed as he listened to these words, and tears came into his eyes. Several minutes elapsed before he spoke.

"Charles!" he exclaimed, "I have borne within me during my whole life a sense of unmerited shame."

He paused, then laid his hand on his son's shoulder, and, gazing into his face with great mournfulness, said:—

"Can you realize the pain which one who loves honour better than life must feel at the thought that he cannot bear his father's name? Charles, my mother was young and beautiful and guileless; but she was led astray by treachery and falsehood. Her happiness was blighted and her life cut short by one man's atrocious guilt. Over her grave I vowed to exterminate her betrayer's family. They were proud and wealthy. I resolved to become richer myself, and to deprive them of their ill-gotten property by gaining possession of it one day myself. Already my vengeance has overtaken them, and ere a few months have passed away there shan't be a trace of them in the country."

Charles gazed at his father with mingled wonder and compassion. "Can it be possible, then, that Sir Valentine Moore was——?"

"My father. Yes; that is the shameful fact that has darkened my existence. Charles, my mother's name was Mary Callanan."

"My dear father," said Charles, with trembling accents, "I know you must have suffered deeply. You have been burdened with the memory of a great wrong, but surely these things cannot be made better by revenge. When He who is goodness itself tolerates the evil deeds of men, how can we dare to constitute ourselves the avengers of crime?"

"Hush! Do not speak to me in this way," cried Mr. Callanan sternly. "Do you think that the ruin of families is not in many cases a visitation of Providence? And if God thus avenges foul misdeeds, is it not reasonable to think that He often uses human instruments?"

Charles heard these strange words with a sense of bewilderment. It was evident that his father had fondly cherished this dream of vengeance for many years, until at last his imagination had exalted it into a virtue.

A long and painful silence followed, during which Mr. Callanan stared once more into the fire.

"It will soon come," he burst out at length. "There is a destiny in it, and it must be fulfilled. Those Moores who obtained so much land by cruelty and fraud—those base descendants of an apostate and murderer—shall ere long be levelled with the dust. The curse which was pronounced upon them hundreds of years ago is coming to pass."

"What curse do you mean, father?"

"The curse of a friar who was murdered by the very first of those Moores of Moore's Court—that apostate of whom you have heard me speak before. With his dying lips this butchered priest prayed that, in spite of all their attempts to hold the land for ever, it should be always slipping from their grasp, and that one day not a trace of them should remain in Ireland. He wished that the race might be exterminated, and I am destined to be their exterminator. Do you think that all my exertions to increase my wealth sprung from no deeper motive than the paltry love of gain? Why, if I loved money, it was only as the warrior loves his sword—because without it he could not vanquish his enemy. I have become rich—so rich that I am able to make myself the owner of Moore's Court, and wrest it out of the hands of that accursed race. Now, perhaps, you know me, Charles. You know what I have toiled and hoarded so many years for. You know why I gave myself up, heart and soul, to the accumulation of wealth, as if it were dearer to me than home or friends. Money, for its own sake, I despise. I scorn the distinctions which it gives in a world which honours wealthy villains and triumphs upon honest men because they happen to be poor. I prized it only because it helped me to achieve the great purpose of my life. Now that I have reached the goal I had in view, I am indifferent to commercial success. My mission is fulfilled, and I can die content."

Mr. Callanan slowly arose from his seat. For some moments he gazed mournfully at his son, and then said, in a voice broken with emotion—

"She who died of a broken heart long before you were born, and the poor girl whose young life faded away so soon—my dear, lost child, whom I treated too coldly while she lived—would never rest in their graves, I am sure, if the purpose of my life were not fulfilled. God bless you," he added, after a pause, embracing his son affectionately. "Good night."

What strange sensations thrilled Charles's heart that night as he lay, vainly endeavouring to sleep! All night long he pondered over the mournful tale of wrong and retribution, and the dawn found him still brooding over his father's strange history.

## CHAPTER XXX.

THE great object of Mr. Vincent Callanan's life was, at last, accomplished. The Moores were no longer the owners of Moore's Court. Sir Annesley Moore was gathered to his fathers. His family had quitted the fine old mansion where they had lived so long, and sought a shelter in the house of a friend, as though they were homeless wanderers. If the realization of a scheme of vengeance can confer happiness on the avenger, Mr. Callanan ought to feel happy now. Yet, when the first outburst of exultation with which he had heard of the downfall of the Moores was over, a sense of disappointment seemed to take possession of him. Like every joy purchased at the expense of another's pain or misfortune, it had its alloy of bitterness. He saw that the ruin of those whom he regarded as his natural enemies, was not an effectual means of redeeming his own honour, or securing his own happiness.

The sale of the estate had been for some time announced, and the day appointed had at length arrived. Mr. Callanan himself went down to Moore's Court, to inspect the place and satisfy himself as to its condition; but he left the carriage of the sale in the hands of Mr. Sharkey, in whom he had begun to repose greater trust, on finding him so energetic in executing the decree of the Court of Chancery.

The purchaser of the estate happened to be a young English nobleman, who was anxious to reside for some time in Ireland, in order to study the habits and character of the people. He intended to take possession immediately, and accordingly the purchase-money was paid on the day of the sale. The fact that the sale was completed was immediately communicated by Mr. Sharkey to his client, but he did not mention that he had received the purchase-money. He gave Mr. Callanan to understand that he would attend to all the necessary arrangements himself, and would save him the trouble of taking part in any negotiations that might require technical knowledge. So unsuspecting and confidential had the broker become of late, that he really considered himself under a deep debt of gratitude to the wily lawyer.

It was little more than a week after the sale of Moore's Court, when Mr. Callanan proceeded towards the attorney's residence, with the intention of asking him whether the purchase-money had as yet been paid. His mind, indeed, was quite at ease regarding the whole transaction, and he considered this visit a mere formality.

What, then, was his amazement when he found a notice in the front window of the house, announcing that the premises were "To be Let!" Advancing to the door with some trepidation, he knocked rather loudly, but there was no immediate response.

He knocked again more loudly than before, and, while awaiting the result, he felt a hand lightly laid on his shoulder. Turning round hastily, he recognised a well-known merchant from the city.

"You want to see Mr. Sharkey, I dare say?" said this personage, with a somewhat sardonic smile.

"Yes; I have been knocking at the door for some time, but he seems to be away from home."

"Indeed he is, and will probably never return."

"What do you mean? What has become of him?" asked Mr. Callanan, in alarm.

"Why, you must not have heard the rumour which has flown about Cork since yesterday?"

"What rumour? I never heard anything about it."

"Sharkey has ran away with ever so many thousands of pounds. The newspapers have not announced it as yet, but I believe there can be no doubt as to the fact."

Mr. Callanan's countenance fell, and for a few minutes he could not articulate a syllable. "Why, he was acting as trustee for me in a most important transaction!" he exclaimed at length. "He surely could not have been such a scoundrel as to cheat me in this way?"

"Do you know, I always suspected that he was not an honest man," said the other, with great gravity.

Mr. Callanan immediately proceeded to make further inquiry in the neighbourhood respecting Sharkey, but the information he obtained only corroborated the truth of the report that the attorney had absconded.

At length he returned home, feverish and half-distracted.

Charles saw that his father's mind was troubled, and asked whether there were anything wrong.

"Yes, Charles; I have received a crushing blow," returned Mr. Callanan. "The accumulation of my whole life is torn from me by one act of perfidy."

"How? Has the attorney——?"

"Yes; he has betrayed me, the treacherous scoundrel. He has gone off with the whole of the purchase-money, and even without repaying me other sums belonging to me which were in his hands. I am now a poor man, Charles. Oh! what a fool I was to trust him at all! My mind, I think, has not been my own of late."

"Is there no way of remedying this?" asked Charles, after a long pause.

"I believe there is very little hope of catching him," returned his father. "He is probably far away by this time; and when the authorities hear of it, he will be beyond their reach."

There was another long pause, during which Charles closely watched his father's face, which was fiercely compressed, as if he



were trying to control his excitement. At length, rising from his seat, and leaning with his arm on the mantelpiece, Charles said:

"Don't be so depressed, father, for Heaven's sake! It is a severe loss, no doubt, but it is not irreparable."

"Listen to me, dear father," he continued. "I have received a good education. Why should I not make some practical use of it? Hitherto I have been an idler, for I had nothing to draw out my energies. Now I see that there is some work for me to do. Do you not think I ought to enter some profession, and make myself useful in the world? If I can render you any assistance, father, I am entirely at your service."

Mr. Callanan shrugged his shoulders, as if he did not regard the suggestion with much favour. "I thought, Charles," he said quietly, "that there would never be any occasion for such a step."

"It may be all for the best," Charles returned. "I would want but a few hundred pounds to go to the Bar."

"I don't quite relish the idea," said Mr. Callanan, rather moodily.

"Oh! come, father! Is it not much better for me to be occupied?"

"Well, Charles, if you like you may go to the Bar," said his father, after a long pause. "I think I can supply you with about as much money as would pay your expenses. You must know that it was never my wish that you should go into any profession. I intended, Charles, that the world should regard you as a gentleman, in spite of its narrow social creed."

"Why should we regard what the world says at all, father? A life of luxurious idleness, surely, is not the noblest life?"

"You are right there, Charles," his father assented. "The best men are those who do most good for society."

A few weeks after, Charles Callanan entered the King's Inns as a law student, and commenced keeping his "terms" for the Irish Bar.

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#### CHAPTER XXXI.

THE world had grown more than five years older since the day when Charles left his home to enter on his new career, and Time—that great miracle-worker—had wrought many strange changes in the lives of those whom this history has shadowed forth.

In the neighbourhood of Moore's Court, and not far from the quiet little churchyard where lay poor Mary Callanan, there now stood a neat little cottage, and right in front of it was a well-cared little plot, in which grew roses, dahlias, tulips, and various other flowers that made the place gay with manifold colours. Just before the cottage-door there was a comfortable seat, where,

in the long summer evenings, a grey-haired, careworn-looking man, with an expression of quiet resignation in his face, often sat to inhale the invigorating air.

It was a lovely autumn afternoon, and the glories of the departing summer seemed still to linger on the earth. The sun shone brilliantly down on the place where the old man sat, seeming to mingle its gold with the silver threads of his hair. The landscape had about it a kind of tranquil beauty that soothed the weary spirit. In the distance the old mansion seemed lost amid embowering trees, while the senses were gratified by the vistas of green fields and by the smell of new-mown hay, that mingled its odour with the sweet breath of the flowers.

This man might well have felt the snows of more than sixty winters, though, indeed, it was care and sorrow rather than time that had made him look prematurely old. In his hand he held an open letter, at which he glanced from time to time with apparent satisfaction.

Beside him was seated a delicate-looking, middle-aged lady, who was evidently of rather a nervous temperament. Close at hand a young lady of, perhaps, some five-and-twenty years of age, pale and pensive-looking, but with an expression of earnest faith in her countenance that seemed to exalt her above the petty cares in which her existence was passed, gathered a few flowers, while she conversed with the grey-haired man in a low, clear voice that was like sweet music softly played.

"Then we shall see him very soon?" she said. "How glad I am that he is coming home at last!"

The young lady blushed slightly, and then cast a wistful glance at the letter which the grey-haired man held in his hand. He looked up curiously, and seeming to read her thoughts, gave her the letter.

"Read it aloud for us, Mary," he said. "You are, indeed, as dear to us a daughter. You have replaced the dear child that we lost. You are so gentle, so patient, so self-sacrificing, that you have almost made me forget my early griefs and all the gloom that darkened the past. In this letter there are many things, perhaps, that may have little interest for you; but, after all, everything that Charles says must be as precious to you now as it is to me, his poor, brokendown father."

The young lady read the letter with great distinctness, but with an occasional tremor in her voice, as if she found it hard to master her emotions. It ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I am looking forward with the utmost expectancy to the time when I shall have the pleasure of seeing yourself and my mother and dear Mary, whom I hope soon to call my own.

"I have been working rather hard of late. I have had the good fortune to get about half-a-dozen briefs since I was 'called'; and I believe I made a good impression on the judges. This may seem to you a rather scanty harvest; but if you knew how difficult it is for a young barrister to procure briefs, you would consider me a rather

lucky fellow : these favours of the attorneys are truly 'like angels' visits, few and far between.'

"I was sorry to hear that poor old Doctor Colgan had gone to  
'The undiscovered country from whose bourn  
No traveller returns.'

Perhaps, after all, it was grief at the old lady's death that hastened his own departure from this mortal sphere. Though they had so many domestic conflicts, they may have had a secret affection for one another, after all. The human heart is full of contradictions.

"I have heard some strange news about the Moores of late, which may, perhaps, surprise you. Lady Moore, whose amiability and gentleness of character never deserted her, even in the midst of her misfortunes, died at her sister's residence here, a few weeks since. I had the gratification of seeing the poor lady before she died. She told me how Rose—that proud, impetuous girl, who could not brook the slightest contradiction—had, more than three years ago, become a Carmelite nun, and is now Sister Monica in a convent in France. After all, I never doubted that there was in Rose Moore a capacity for something noble; and I am sure she could not choose a holier or higher sphere than the life she had adopted.

"But the saddest news of all is, that my dear old friend, Frank, was lately killed in Spain. On returning from Canada to England, he was so much grieved to hear of his father's death and the downfall of his family, that he threw up his commission as lieutenant in his majesty's service, and joined the 'British Legion,' which, under the command of Colonel De Lacy Evans, went out to fight for Dóna Isabella. Though he entered this corps merely as a volunteer, he got the rank of 'Captain,' and he proved himself to be a gallant, though perhaps too impetuous, officer. He fought very bravely; but his heart was pierced by a Carlist bullet; and thus poor Frank passed away almost in the very springtime of life. I am glad, at any rate, to know that my poor friend died like a hero.

"Perhaps you remember one member of the Moore family, who was always entering into theological discussions, and trying to propagate certain views which she held on the subject of religion. She was familiarly known as 'Aunt Deborah.' Well, I lately came across—by accident, I believe—a copy of a journal called the 'Evangelical Gazette,' in which appeared a long obituary notice of a lady, who had been 'a shining light' in the Methodist community, which she joined a few years before 'through a special apostolic call,' to use the phrase of this sectarian newspaper.

"There is another piece of strange intelligence, which may interest you. I saw, in a copy of the *Times* which I got yesterday, how a person, who described himself as 'an Irish attorney retired from practice,' has just been tried at the Middlesex Assizes for forgery, and sentenced to transportation for life. One of the principal witnesses against him was a person calling himself 'Joseph Power White' (you may remember the initials 'J. P. '), who informed the court that he had once been a clerk to the prisoner in Ireland, and that his master had fled, some years before, from that country with a great many thousands of pounds, being the purchase-money of an estate, which he had been selling on behalf of another person. This evidence, of course, was only collateral; but it served to show, in addition to the proof of the forgery, that the prisoner had been guilty of fraudulent acts before. Is it not plain, my dear father, that the man who was tried for forgery was no other than your treacherous legal adviser, Mr. Nathaniel Sharkey? After all, guilt cannot escape punishment in the end; and sometimes it is visited with retribution even in this world.

"I have written more than I intended when I sat down; but I had so many things to tell you that I could not easily cut my letter short. In a few days I hope to see you, all three; and I shall not return to Dublin until, with God's blessing, my darling Mary is mine for evermore.

"With warmest love to you all,

"I remain,

"Your affectionate son,

"CHARLES CALLANAN."

As she finished, her eyes were filled with tears; and the grey-haired man—in whom the reader may recognise Mr. Vincent Callanan—said in a kindly manner, as she handed him back the letter, "Don't cry, my dear. You are generally firm; and

you must always remember that you are surrounded by dear friends."

The shadows of twilight were already gathering around them. Mr. Callanan slowly arose; and the three hastened into the house, where, by the glowing fire in the handsome little parlour, they sat and talked of Charles's return till it was close upon midnight.

Next morning, while they were at breakfast, a post-chaise drew up rather abruptly outside the little gate; and a man of about six-and-twenty, with dark-looking, handsome features, alighted, and proceeded towards the door of the cottage. They saw him through the window of the little parlour; and Mary Quain's pale face flushed as she recognised the stranger. He had, indeed, entered the house already, for the cottage-door had been standing ajar; and before she had time to recollect herself, she was clasped in the arms of Charles Callanan.

Little need to describe the delight and happiness of that meeting. Charles and Mary were both too happy to give expression to their feelings in words for a long time.

A few days after, old Father O'Neil, the parish priest, joined their hands in holy wedlock; and a band of rustic children, picturesquely arrayed in white, came to meet them as they left the church, and escorted them back to the cottage.

In the years that followed, this happy day was always remembered with feelings of the purest joy; and, long afterwards, when Charles was a successful barrister and wore a silk gown, he still believed that in his sweet wife he had gained a more precious treasure than any which worldly triumphs can procure. He thought it a pleasant sight, too, to see his father—now a tottering, white-headed old man—taking his little grandson, a boy not yet five years old, upon his knee, and telling him marvellous stories. Time, indeed, had strangely humanized and purified Mr. Vincent Callanan's nature. The memory of the wrong which had darkened his life was no longer a bitter recollection; and the shame and suffering of the past seemed now, in the mellowing twilight of years, the shadowy phantoms of a dream. And at last the time came, when this child of sorrow, breathing with his dying lips words of forgiveness and love towards all mankind, and even asking heaven to forgive him for the vengeance he had himself wreaked in vain, passed away from earth to join the spirit of her in whose mournful destiny his very existence had been absorbed. One beautiful day, at the close of summer, when the quiet grass and the serene blue sky above, and even the silent graves seemed to whisper, "Peace," he was laid to rest side by side with those he had loved, nevermore to feel the sorrows that darken the mind, or the cares that consume the heart.

THE END.

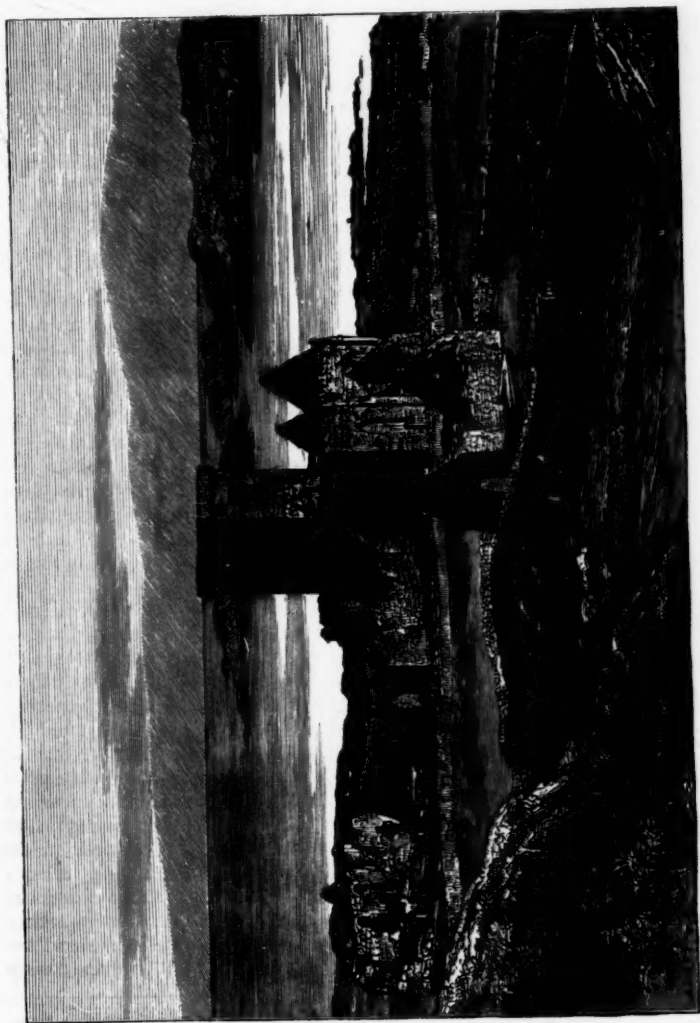
## IONA.

"THIS humble spot will be greatly honoured, not alone by the nation of the Scots, but by foreign princes and their peoples. It will be venerated by the saints of many Churches." Thus spoke, in inspired accents of prophetic benediction, the great St. Columba, on the last evening of his earthly pilgrimage, as he gazed in fond farewell on that dear monastery of Iona, which, consecrated by his tears and austerities, was destined to become, during the mediæval centuries, one of the most renowned sanctuaries of the West.

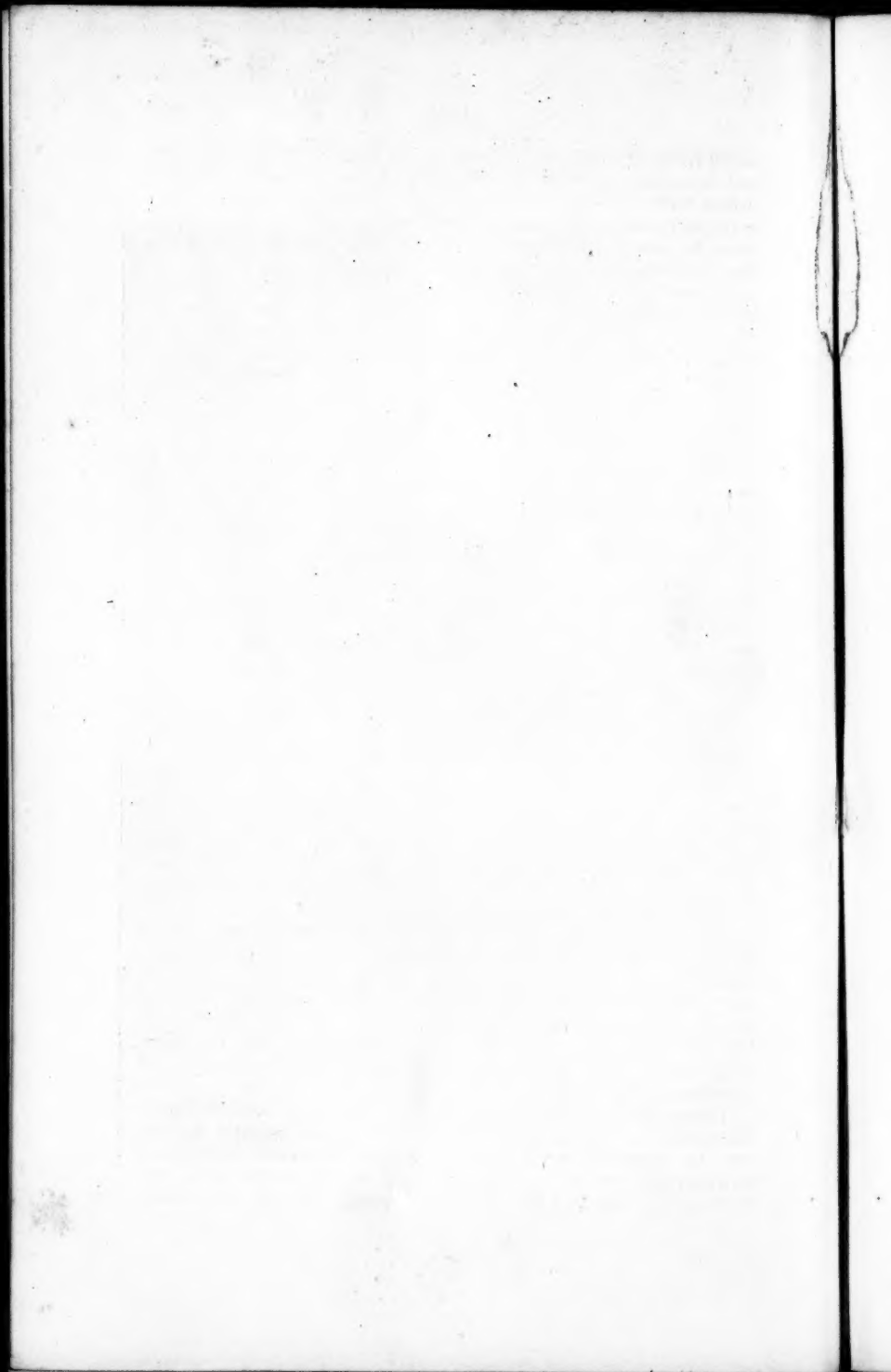
The patriarch of Iona was the grand pioneer in the van of that glorious exodus of the illustrious sons of Erin, whose luminous march may be traced in the dawn of western civilization through every European clime. His saintly career was the brilliant inauguration of that apostolic mission to which Providence seems, in a special manner, to have destined the children of the Gaël—that Divine vocation which has marked them in history, not alone in the days of Erin's elder glory, but also in later and darker centuries, when, from the ruins of their ancient sanctuaries, they have borne into distant exile that sacred fire which the dark oppressor could not extinguish, that generations yet unborn beyond every sea where the Celt has found a resting-place, might rejoice in its heaven-sent light.

Descended from the proud line of the warrior princes of Ulster, gifted with the noblest qualities of his ancient race, blessed, moreover, with a spirit of singular piety, Columba \* had in early youth resolved to consecrate his life to the service of the Most High. Educated under St. Finian of Moville, he had in that monastery embraced the ecclesiastical state; subsequently he pursued his sacred studies at the great School of Clonard. Arrived at his twenty-fifth year, A.D. 546, we find him laying the foundation of the monastery of *Doire Calgaich* (Derry), on an oak-crowned eminence to the west of Lough Foyle, the site having been granted to him by the princes of his native Tyrconnell. Five years later he established the monastery of Durrrough, King's County, which became the principal house of the Columbian Order in Ireland. In addition to the above, many other monastic foundations established about this period in Ireland are ascribed to our saint. Columba, however, not content with

\* "According to some, his first name was Crimthan, which, by reason of his dove-like simplicity and innocence of life, was changed to Columba. To this was added the surname of *Cille*, or *Kille*, on account of the numerous churches and monasteries which he founded."—*Dr. Lanigan*.



IONA.





multiplying churches and schools in his native country, inspired with apostolic ardour, longed to bear to heathen lands the light of that faith which had conferred such blessings on his own ; and in his forty-second year sailed from Ireland with twelve companions, to preach the Gospel to the barbarous nation of the Picts, then dwelling in the wild mountain regions of Caledonia.

Arrived on the south-western shores of Scotland, Columba landed on the small and desolate island subsequently named after him *I-Columbkille*, or Iona, which is separated only by a narrow channel from the island of Mull, upon the west coast of Argyle. On the eastern side of this lone and deserted isle, the saint and his little band of monks raised some rude huts for their habitation. These humble cells were the foundation of the celebrated monastery of Iona.

The first settlement of his small community had no sooner been completed, than Columba set forth on his great mission to regenerate the heathen tribes of Caledonia. Penetrating the almost inaccessible wilds of the northern highlands, navigating in his frail barque the dark waters of Loch Ness, he arrived at the distant stronghold of the monarch of the Pictish tribes. The gates of the royal fortress were closed against him ; but at the sacred sign of redemption, the barriers flew open, and the barbaric potentate, terrified by the prodigy, advanced to give reverent welcome to the intrepid monk, who stood before him as the ambassador of heaven. The royal pagan himself received the faith, and, in spite of the rage and incantations of the powerful Druids, his fierce warriors hastened to the feet of the Celtic missionary, to be regenerated in the baptismal waters. Divine Providence blessed the labours of the apostle, and the sacred seed scattered by Columba with prayer and tears amid the stern regions of Caledonia, soon yielded a joyful and abundant harvest.

Nor did Columba confine his ministry to the Picts : the colony of the Dalaradian Scots was also the object of his apostolic care. We find him, upon the death of their prince, Connall, consecrating at Iona the new monarch, Aidan—the earliest instance of the rite of the solemn inauguration of Christian princes recorded in European history—and later, when Columba repaired to Ireland to attend the Convention of Drumceat, he peacefully adjusted the difference between this same Aidan and the Irish monarch respecting the independence of the Alban colony. The apostle likewise frequently visited the western islands of the Hebrides, preaching to the inhabitants and laying the foundations of churches and monasteries.

Thus passed the thirty-four years of Columba's apostleship in Caledonia. And at length, bowed with age and saintly austerities, he approached the end. Already the sacred dawn of a glorious immortality was radiant upon his venerable brow, and the morning voices of the angels were sounding in his ears, flood-

ing his soul with ineffable peace and joy. To his beloved children of Iona he announced that the time of his departure was nigh, and commended to them his parting words, praying "that peace and charity might ever abide with them." And at the midnight hour, kneeling before the altar, his countenance illumined with celestial joy, he gave to his weeping monks his last benediction, and sweetly expired, 9th June, A.D. 592, in his seventy-sixth year.

For three days and three nights the religious of Iona celebrated the obsequies of their illustrious abbot. His remains were then consigned to the tomb. To the shrine of St. Columba during revolving centuries journeyed the pilgrims of the West. Thither, too, were borne in long succession, with royal funeral pomp and sacred dirge, the warrior kings of Scotland and many princes of the neighbouring nations, to be laid to rest in the hallowed dust of I-Columbkille.

The relics of St. Columba were removed by the monks of Iona to Ireland, in the ninth century, to guard them from falling into the hands of the Danish pirates; and at the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion they were solemnly translated, together with the relics of SS. Patrick and Bridget, into one tomb in the Cathedral of Down, by Malachy, bishop of that See, Cardinal Vivian assisting at the ceremony.

Saint Margaret, Queen of Scotland, who cherished a special devotion to the great St. Columba, restored, towards the close of the eleventh century, the ravages which the sanctuary of Iona had suffered from the incursions of the northern barbarians. To her is ascribed the erection of the chapel of St. Oran (the first disciple of St. Columba who died at Iona). The ruins of this interesting monument yet remain; also the roofless walls and central tower of the larger abbatial church erected in the thirteenth century. In the ancient cemetery, the last resting-place of so many illustrious dead, there are a great number of sculptured monuments of interest to the Christian archæologist. At the period of the Calvinistic reform, Iona was delivered up to pillage. Scotland, after one thousand years, had abandoned the faith which Columba had brought to her shores; and his venerable sanctuary was left a pile of ruin amid the desecrated necropolis of her kings.

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